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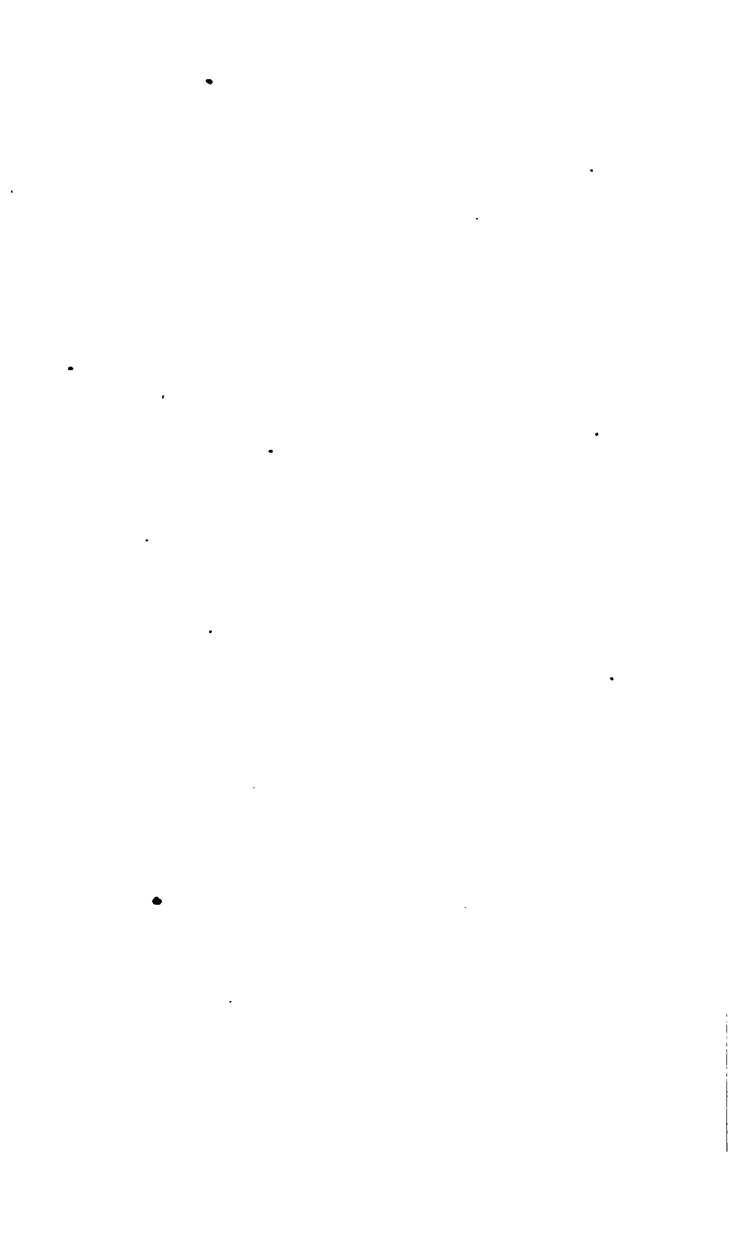
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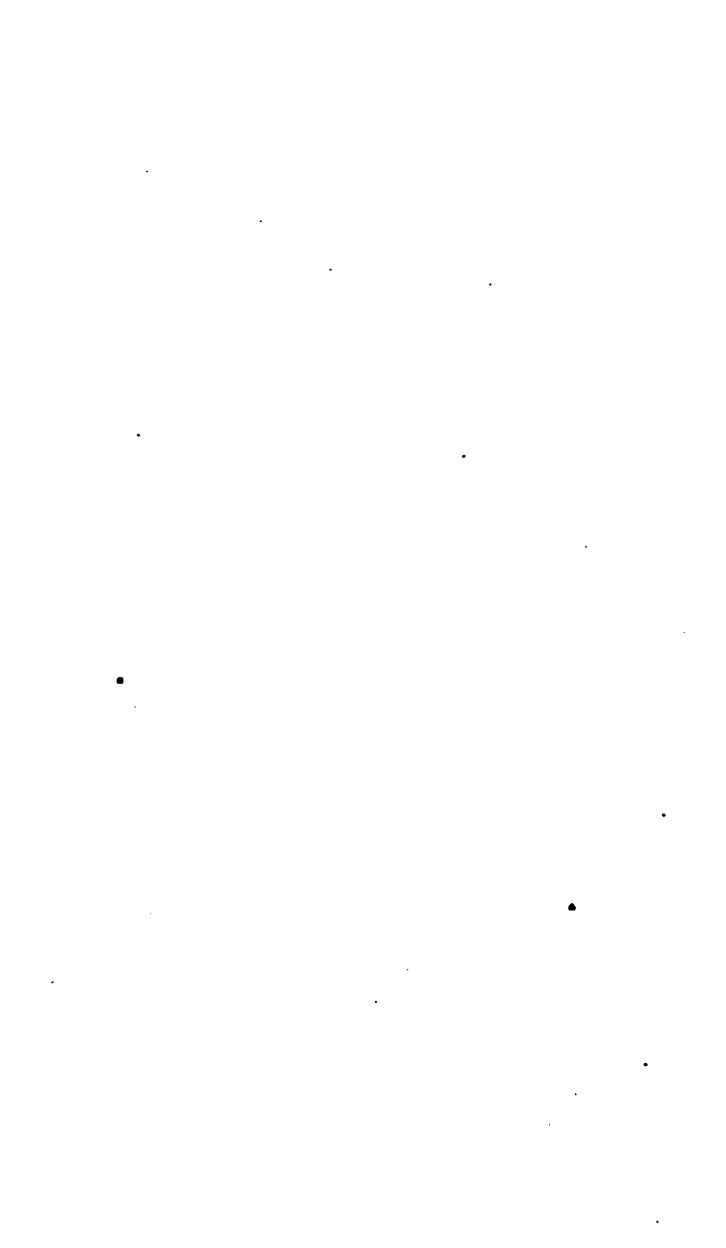
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POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.



BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, ESQ.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXLIII.



LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Mais pourquoi chantaistu ? Demande à Philomèle,
Pourquoi durant les nuits sa douce voix se mêle
Au doux bruit des ruisseaux sous l'ombrage roulant :
Je chantaïs, mes amis, comme l'homme respire,
Comme l'oiseau gémit, comme le vent soupire,
Comme l'eau murmure en coulant.

Mein Gehirn
Treibt öfters wunderbare Blasen auf,
Die schnell, wie sie entstanden sind, zerspringen.



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POEMS.

THE WORD OF GOD.

THE word of God appeareth everywhere :
Tis written on the bosom of the sea ;
The waves, that lift their mighty heads, declare
That One hath bid them roll eternally.

The skies through all their wide circumference
Deep spangled with His golden letters shine,
Telling that worlds, cast through the void immense,
Unshaken hold their course by law divine.

And man hath heard His voice. It spake aloud
In ages past mid Eden's peaceful bowers ;
It spake in flaming bush and thundercloud,
By Jordan's fruitful vale, and Salem's towers.

To all mankind He sent His Messenger,
Who with mild warning speech proclaim'd their doom,
Whose spirit-waking echoes they shall hear,
Till the last voice shall call them from the tomb.

THE WORLD.

THE world was made ; the news in heaven was told,
And heavenly halls of light and joy were full ;
Through the vast empyrean thunders roll'd,
And angels sang, and call'd it wonderful.

Again the voice of God was heard ! and then
The myriad planets into motion sprang ;
The sudden sphere-whirl mock'd the angels' ken ;
Louder and louder hallelujahs rang.

Yet for a moment all confusion seem'd,
A rush of worlds in endless space to fly,
A flash of fires, that through the darkness gleam'd
And hurried on in other tracks to die :

But see ! the planets from their headlong flight
Declining swift, in stately orbit go ;
The fires upon their track with steady light
The same and still the same for ever glow.

Maze within maze, but round one centre all,
In mystic dance their mighty orbs they swing ;
Blent in one choral hymn majestic
Their voices through the depths of silence ring.

Eternal God ! Creator ! Thee they praise ;
They feel thy stirring power, thy doom fulfil ;
The universe thy light, thy law displays,
The harmony of thine almighty will.

THE POET'S DREAM.



I.

Is poesy then all a dream ?
It is perchance ; yet doth it seem
So much unlike a dream of earth,
Some higher sphere did give it birth.

It is no vision of the night :
It is a thing all clear and bright ;
Fair as the summer's orient hue,
Refreshing as the morning dew.

It doth not vanish from the sight,
But sprung from heaven's eternal light,
E'en thro' this misty mortal haze
Tis clearer seen, the more we gaze ;

And ever opening further view,
Gives strength for contemplation new ;
For though our vision limits bound,
Yet limit none hath yet been found.

II.

And who shall call it vanity
To see what others cannot see ?
The blind, to whom the world is nought,
Beyond their narrow range of thought.

The mole constructs his earthen cell,
And deems it a vast citadel ;
And little thinks the eagle's eye
Is piercing through the mid-day sky.

The silver moon is bright above,
The starlit heaven all beams with love,
And countless worlds are rolling there ;
Yet little doth the peasant care :

Home speeding, singing his blithe strain,
Nor moonlight him nor stars detain ;
The moonbeam guides him to his cot,
Yet otherwise he feels it not.

The boatman sees the tide go past ;
Each following wave is like the last :
What wonder is there in that sea,
With all its dull monotony ?

None he perceives. But I can feel
Its music o'er me gently steal ;
And every passing wave to me
Is full of new variety.

III.

The turtle labours for her brood,
She watches long, she gathers food,
She warms them with her downy breast,
She spreads her wing to guard their rest ;

And still she hovers round, as fear
None there could be, while she was near :
O fond maternal love ! I bless
Thy self-devoting tenderness !

Yet are there, who unmoved and cold
That busy toil of love behold :
Vers'd in the schoolman's wordy lore,
They call it instinct ; think no more.

And such are they, that hearts employ
All things to learn, and none enjoy.
Dearer the poet's dream to me,
Than all their vain philosophy.

IV.

I love the daisy of the mead ;
I love the snowdrop's modest head,
The graceful-curling gay woodbine,
The coy primrose, the eglantine.

Thou rosy woodland eglantine !
Thy petals are so soft and fine ;
Within thy cup all fresh with dew
Blushes, and smiles, and tears I view :

Thou lightest all the bramble rude,
Thou bloomest in the solitude,
Teaching that e'en the thorny shade
Was for delight and beauty made ;

That blest is he, whose rugged path
The cheer of mild contentment hath ;
That human life, though for an hour,
May joyful be as thine, sweet flower !

Yea, I should deem mine own heart dull,
Did I not think thee wonderful :
Yet thousands pass thee by, and see
Nought but a poor wild flower in thee.

V.

Nothing in Nature is so small,
But yet is great, as part of all ;
And e'en the great is small to those
To whom her all great Nature shows.

Yet man, with empty swelling hope,
Before himself the microscope
Will place, and let all things beside
In pigmy shape before him glide :

Close wrapt within his narrow self,
And crawling after earthly pelf,
He grasps the dust, calls that his own,
Wealth, life, enjoyment, that alone.

The poet leaves himself, his soul
Expanding to survey the whole ;
To him appears this little I
A speck in vast infinity,

Cling, worldling, cling to thy vile dust !
Mingle with it full soon thou must.
Dearer the poet's dream to me
Than all thy dull reality.

VI.

Yet pause awhile. Is real all,
Which thou hast chosen so to call ?
Knowest thou Nature ? Is there aught
Of which thou hast true likeness caught ?

Canst thou to her thyself conform,
Her laws obey, her will perform ?
Tis vain that she dispenses good,
Unless by thee tis understood.

With smiling brow, with hand profuse
She scatters plenty for thy use ;
And thee she bids the essence cull
Of all the sweet and beautiful.

The flower, the fruit, all are for thee,
If thou wert like the honey-bee,
Tasteful and wise : but oh, beware !
The fruit has gall, the flower a snare.

What hast thou done ? Hast aught in store
Against life's stormy winter hour ?
Or wastest thou the season's prime,
Borne thoughtless down the stream of time ?

What do thy pleasures yield ? To-day
With golden promise bright are they :
But ere the morrow's dawn hath shone,
Like wither'd blossoms, they are gone.

VII.

A carved monumental stone
To passing strangers maketh known,
That in yon grave doth one abide,
Who pious lived, lamented died :

Tis false ! His truth, his faith he sold,
His peace, his slumber, all for gold :
He walk'd with purpose dark and blind ;
He shut his heart 'gainst all mankind :

He sought to frame 'gainst earthly want
A shield more strong than adamant ;
In vain ! for he was ever poor,
Ever in want, and craving more.

He would not drink from Nature's well,
Yet burn'd with thirst unquenchable ;
His heart was arid as the sand
That gleams on Libya's desert-strand.

He died, and none lamented him :
While many a scowl of pleasure grim
Told that the very slaves he fed
Rejoiced to see their tyrant dead.

Did he then aught of real gain
With all his care, his toil, his pain ?
No ! in a dream his life he spent,
To gain that worthless monument.

VIII.

Nor wiser, who devote to sense
The life-sustaining elements,
The precious seed of heavenly flame
That animates this mortal frame.

They dream ; they walk in sleep secure,
Led on by pleasure's phantom-lure,
Till the Creator's noblest boon
They lose in deep oblivion.

Press from the grape the blushing wine !
Tis full of sunny juice divine !
See, see ! those bubbling streams invite
To bathe the soul in soft delight !

Hold ! there is poison in the cup !
The madman breathless drinks it up ;
With riot laughter swells his eye,
And rolls and swims in ecstasy :

Aerial shapes before him stand,
They seem to move at his command ;
Yes ; imps of hell ! they dance for glee,
To see that frantic revelry !

Soon prostrate on the ground will lie,
Who now is soaring to the sky :
From earth, not heaven, those raptures come :
'Tis nothing but delirium !

IX.

And thou, who feel'st the subtle charm,
The tender thrill, the soft alarm,
And all that fancy e'er combined
To make the love of womankind ;

Oh, whence those trembling fond desires ?
It is a Goddess them inspires !
There is such meaning in that face ;
Her every motion full of grace ;

And in her form such majesty,
And in her look such witchery !
It were a taste for Gods to sip
The bloom from off that rosy lip !

Thou hang'st upon her siren-tongue ;
Its note is soft as fairy-song,
More sweet than murmur in the glade
By gently-falling waters made.

A few brief years, and where will be
That look, that grace, and majesty ?
Parched will that lip and pale have grown ;
Tuneless and harsh that silver-tone :

And thou, whose breast so warm doth glow,
Whose spirits now so quickly flow,
Too late, when all is changed, wilt see
Thy love was not divinity.

Thou art deceiv'd ! From flesh that heat ;
Tis blood that makes thy bosom beat ;
Base earthly passions in thee stir :
Awake, thou idol-worshipper !

X.

And what is fame ? A thing of air,
Sought far and wide, and found nowhere ;
More flitting than a shade. Who knows
From whence it came, or whither goes ?

The statesman plans ; he giveth laws ;
While listening senates peal applause ;
The people bless their happy lot,
And shout, and hail him patriot ;

Their gratulations echoing pour,
Like ocean waves from shore to shore ;
Then silence ; and those echoes die,
Like a forgotten melody.

Soon other sounds are on the gale ;
They tell a new, a different tale ;
The people mourn ; and he the cause ;
They curse the man, revile his laws :

The storm frowns, gathers, bursts at length ;
Yet courage ! he hath inward strength
To bear him up ! Ah, no ! he shrinks
Before the cruel blow ; he sinks,

Hopeless, heart-smitten ; as an oak,
When riven by the lightning-stroke,
Sapless and bare and honour-shorn,
Stands on the blasted heath forlorn.

XI.

The victor's praise loud clarions tell,
While nations ring the funeral knell.
O madness ! One there lived, whose breath
Was victory, whose frown was death :

He seem'd on earth a demigod ;
On throne and altar fierce he trod ;
He moved and found no resting-place ;
Shook the broad hills his thunderpace :

His trumpet loud and shrill he blew,
And thousand thousands round him flew,
O'er valley strode, o'er mountains clomb,
Travers'd the waste, and found a tomb.

He march'd to Winter's icy field,
And sternly bade the monarch yield ;
But Winter call'd her vassals round,
They, at the word, in arms were found :

She came, and blew so wild a blast,
Shriek'd vale and mountain, as she pass'd ;
She came, and in her chariot-train
Famine and frost and hurricane :

Where be those warmen ? On their host
The snow in stormy waves hath tost,
Frozen the blood within their veins,
Their bones lie scatter'd on the plains.

'Twas not for this the gallant band
Left their sweet home, their native land :
Some other hope before them shone :
Yea ; 'twas a dream that led them on !

And dreamt not he, that soul of pride,
Who scorn'd the earth and heaven defied ?
I wis not what his visions were ;
But his awaking was despair ;

XII.

The poet's aim is pure and high ;
The poet's love can never die :
He pants for gales that ever blow,
He thirsts for streams that ever flow :

He asks for much, and much receives,
And hoping much, he much believes ;
And while to heaven he looks for bliss,
To man a friend, a brother is.

His eye is soft as the moonray,
Yet dazzling as the orb of day,
Light as the silver-shining rill,
Yet as the ocean, deep and still.

Now loves he in the shade to lie,
Now sparkles like the butterfly,
Now like a swallow skims the stream,
Now basks him in the sunny beam.

He softly breathes on Nature's lute ;
To hear his lay, the winds are mute,
And air and heaven and earth and sea
Swell with deep love and sympathy.

He soars where never bird hath flown,
O'er regions vast, to man unknown ;
He comes, and tells where he hath been,
He comes, and tells what he hath seen ;

And few believe ; yet still he sings
Of his unearthly wanderings :
With sacred fire his breast doth glow,
Unfading wreaths adorn his brow.

In great and small his heart hath place,
Of love divine he finds the trace,
In woman more than beauty sees,
In life unnumber'd mysteries :

Dreams, if thou wilt ! So let it be:
Fresh glories ever weaveth he ;
Truthful, and bright, and spirit-free,
He dreams of immortality.

THE WATERS.

EVER onward rushing
Waters pour along ;
Rill from mountain gushing
Cheers the earth with song ;
Rivers softly streaming
Kiss the meadows fair ;
Cataracts madly gleaming
Plunge they reck not where.

Rivers, rills, and fountains,
Wherefore do ye flow ?
O'er the meads and mountains,
Whither do ye go ?
Gliding, leaping, springing,
Endless waterfall,
Murmuring, roaring, singing,
Sea receives you all.

Life is ever moving
In a varied stream ;
Youth is busy loving,
Manhood in a dream ;
Infants with their prattle
Make the moments fly ;
Soldiers in the battle
Strive they know not why.

Young and old, why toil ye ?
Wherefore do ye play ?
Business and folly,
Whither lead you they ?
All in restless motion
Ever hurrying fast,
In a boundless ocean
Death receives at last.

HUMANITY.

Oh, why is nature soft and mild ?
Why do the moonbeams play
O'er rippling waters, like a child
Upon a holiday ?

The zephyr woos the aspen-tree,
And makes it gently move ;
The birds attune their melody,
And fill the air with love.

The clouds rain mercy on the earth :
Lo, where the storm has been,
How balmy sweet, when day comes forth,
To smile upon the scene ;

And many a flower, that droop'd its head
 Beneath the hurricane,
Springs with new life replenished,
 And all is fair again.

Therefore is nature soft and mild,
 That human hearts may learn
To tame the savage and the wild,
 To soothe the proud and stern.

Relax thy frown, thou lord of earth,
 Unbend thy haughty brow !
To woman thou didst owe thy birth,
 And once a child wast thou ;

And thou for happiness wast made,
 And thou wast born to woe ;
Then let thy spirits, gay or sad,
 As nature bids them, flow.

The fairest path is wearisome,
 Without a smile to cheer ;
And pain and sorrow heavier come,
 Unsoften'd by a tear.

THE CONFESSION.

WHEN Damon to his Lesbia sigh'd,
And vowed that he adored her,
He took the hand she half denied,
And kneeling he implored her.

Her eyes the maiden downward cast,
Her rising shame to cover ;
But ere they fell, one look there pass'd
Of pity on her lover.

He saw that look so eloquent,
And, though it not dissembled,
He would have ask'd her what it meant ;
He prest her hand ; it trembled :

Deep glow'd the blush upon her cheek,
And still more lovely made her ;
And, while her tongue refused to speak,
Cheek, hand, and eye betray'd her.

THE DANCING-GIRL.

HER step is like the gossamer
 Rock'd upon summer's breast,
When not a leaf is seen to stir,
 And winds are lull'd to rest.

Her step is like the silver wave
 That curls upon the deep,
When soft mysterious motions heave
 The ocean from his sleep.

Tis like the flaky dropping snow ;
 Tis like a shadowy gleam
Cast by the waving aspen-bough
 Upon a mountain stream.

Tis like the footfall of the hour,
That steals along in fear
Lest happy lovers in their bower
Her passing tread should hear.

Oft have I dreamt of fairies light
Tripping the greenland o'er ;
But morning-dream so fair and bright
I ne'er beheld before.

And comes she then from fairyland ?
Or doth some magic arm
About her figure wave its wand,
And work a wonder-charm ?

No magic wand nor spell is there ;
Of earthly mould is she :
What makes, that like a thing of air
She moves so light and free ?

Within herself the magic lies :
That youthful smile tells me,
That earth to her is paradise,
And life is liberty.

The spirit beams upon her face :

What wonder she reveals

Glancing from every step the grace

Within her heart she feels ?

MORNING.

ROBED in light
Silver-white,
Clearer now and clearer,
One I see
Floating free,
Nearer now and nearer ;

From her glance
Radiance
Streaming as she soareth ;
Shades afar
Melting are
In the flood she poureth ;

Saffron-tinged,
Purple-fringed
Clouds about her sailing,

While her breath
Scattereth
Sweets, the air regaling :

Loose her hair,
Flaxen-fair ;
Rosy-faced she seemeth,
Like a maid
Blush-array'd,
When of love she dreameth.

Merrily
Cometh she ;
Now her hand is waving ;
Spirits young,
Motley throng,
Hidden couches leaving

Mount in play,
Fancies gay,
Hopes and Joys pursuing,
Visions bright,
New delight
Still before them viewing ;

At her call,
Sparkling all,
Quick they flock around her,
Fluttering,
Frolicking,
Happy to have found her :

Loud the glee ;
Harmony
In mine ear is ringing ;
Oh, could I
Birdlike fly,
There would I be singing !

She, the while,
Many a smile
Sheddeth beaming o'er them ;
Yet she will
Upward still
Look and move before them :

Warmer glow
On her brow
Mantles, while ascending ;

Who can guess
To what bliss
She her way is wending ?

Trustfully
Gazeth she,
Like to one believing,
When he sees
Mysteries
Past the mind's conceiving.

Seem'd as she
Smiled on me ;
Yet to look I dare not ;
For those eyn
Do so shine,
Sight of them I bear not :

Yet I would,
If I could,
(How my heart is yearning !)
Drink their rays,
In the blaze
Till my heart were burning !

Is she gone ?
There are none
Of those forms remaining ;
In the clear
Atmosphere
Silent beauty reigning :

Clouds of gold
I behold,
On blue deep reposing ;
Mirror-light
Infinite,
Earth and heaven disclosing :

All above
Joy and love ;
Mountains fall asunder ;
Hills arise,
Kiss the skies :
Lost am I in wonder !

THE MAID OF LUCERNE.

THE air was still ; the deer had gone
To rest him in the brake ;
The song of birds had ceased ; the moon
Shone in the glassy lake.

Upon its bank a maiden stood,
All full of grief, forlorn ;
The tear adown her cheek fast flowed ;
She had come there to mourn.

Her brow was lily-pale ; her eye
Was like the wave, clear blue,
Soft as the beam that moonlit sky
Upon the water threw.

She gazed upon the waters deep :

“ Oh, all is sad to me ; ”

She said—“ I cannot choose but weep,

Whene'er this spot I see.

Tw'as here we last together were,

Upon thy bank, Lucerne ;

From off my cheek he wiped the tear,

And said he would return.

But now he has been long away,

And I have hoped in vain :

Though day and night I wish and pray,

He doth not come again.

A coat of scarlet then he wore,

His long white plume it waved ;

His broad swordhilt he grasp'd, and swore

Danger and death he braved :

He said he braved it all for me,

That he would rich return,

And happy then our days should be

In his own dear Lucerne.

But I would rather he had stay'd,
And we had both been poor :
Riches to break our hearts were made :
I ne'er shall see him more.

Oh, what have we to do with war ?
Why should the Switzer roam ?
The mountain heights our castles are,
The pleasant vale our home :

The herdboy milks his kine at eve,
And sings his country song ;
He hath no care his heart to grieve ;
Merry he trips along ;

And oft as feast and holiday
And village sports return,
He comes to join the dance and play
On thy green sward, Lucerne ;

Then bounds he lightly as the roe,
And clasps his maiden dear,
And sweetly smiles, and whispers low
What she is pleased to hear :

And thus my William clasp'd me oft,
And look'd so fond and true,
And whisper'd words so warm and soft,
That to my heart he grew :

So gay, so happy did he seem,
That I was happy too ;
And sparkling as the mountain stream,
And swift the moments flew.

Where is he now ? Far, far away !
No feasts to him return ;
No merry dance and holiday
On green sward of Lucerne :

He thinks of home ; and then his eyes,
Like mine, with tears are dim ;
He thinks of me, and then he sighs,
As I to think of him :

In battle oft he swings his sword,
The bravest of the brave ;
A thousand deaths are near ! O Lord,
Save him, in mercy, save !

May be, a captive he doth lie
In prison dark and grim,
And cruel foes are round, and I
Not there to comfort him.

Perhaps e'en now, all ghastly bare,
He lies among the slain :
Oh ! would that I too had been there,
Beside him to have lain !

He never knew how much I felt,
How much I loved ! ah, no !
I did not try his heart to melt ;
I let him from me go :

I did not pray and weep enough,
I did not clasp his knee ;
He could not then have cast me off ;
He would have pitied me.

Oh, had I thought that he would go
So far, so long away,
He never should have left me so ;
I would have made him stay.

Yet still he said, he promised me
That he would come again ;
He spake and look'd so trustfully,
That I believed him then :

But now I can no more believe ;
No ; he will ne'er return ;
And I am left alone to grieve
Upon thy banks, Lucerne."

CHANTICLEER.

THE ruddy dawn thro' eastern sky is breaking :
Now shakes his pinion strong, his dames awaking,
 The gallant chanticleer :
Down leaping from his perch, and slumber scorning,
He lifts his head aloft to greet the morning,
 Then crows he loud and clear.

Like waterfall down hollow mountain springing,
Like silver chime of bell in turret ringing,
 Thou crowest, chanticleer :
Night and her shadowy train all start with wonder,
As thy alarum were a peal of thunder,
 Scattering their figures drear.

The owl in ivy watchtower doleful sitting,
The bat in air with drowsy murmur flitting,

They hide them, chanticleer :

The famish'd wolf about the graveyard howling,
The midnight robber in the forest prowling,

They slink away for fear.

The lark, like thee, of dull reposing weary,
Springs from her dewy glen all blithe and cheery,

And hails thee, chanticleer :

And all her flock arise ; the air they sprinkle
With plumes that soar, and ever soar, and twinkle,

The sun approaching near.

The housewife, restless on her pillow turning,
Thinks of her daily task and scanty earning,

Till warn'd by chanticleer,

She quick prepares her dusky lamp to kindle,
To say her early prayer, and ply her spindle,

To feed the children dear.

Now with his team abroad the ploughman speedeth,
Gay whistling as he goes, and scarce he needeth

Thy warning, chanticleer ;

With sturdy step the furrow straight pursuing,
The stubborn breast of earth with might subduing,
He renovates the year.

The huntsman's heart beats high, for well he knoweth
Tis time to mount and be a-field, when croweth

The lusty chanticleer :

Hark, hark ! what echoes ring ? The hounds a-baying,
The bugle blowing shrill, the coursers neighing,
Glad music to his ear.

All ye that honour time and health and duty,
That love the balmy air, the morning's beauty,

Listen to chanticleer :

From him fresh life and strength and gladness borrow ;
Awake ; arise ; and dream not of the morrow ;
For lo, to-day is here !

Me, too, brave bird, among thy votaries number :
Thou rousest me from soft refreshing slumber ;

Thy matin call I hear ;

I go to wander o'er the sunlit mountain,

I go to plunge me in the sparkling fountain :

Thanks to thee, chanticleer !

THE HORSES.

RACER.

THRO' my lattice the dawn I saw,
And fresh I rose from my bed of straw ;
And quick the heart within me stirr'd,
Soon as my rider's voice I heard.

HUNTER.

I rose while yet the morn was pale ;
With eager breath I snuff'd the gale ;
But when I heard the bugle sound,
I knew no rest and I paw'd the ground.

WAR-HORSE.

I rose from the turf whereon I lay,
While night was melting into day ;
For waked was I by sound of drum,
I knew the hour of battle was come.

RACER.

They led me where in long array
My rivals stood, all sleek and gay ;
And when I look'd on their gallant trim,
My blood it thrill'd thro' every limb.

HUNTER.

They led me where in medley throng
My comrades stood, all stout and strong ;
I laugh'd aloud, and shook my mane,
I long'd to be scouring o'er hill and plain.

WAR-HORSE.

They led me where all bright array'd
My comrades stood in full brigade ;
I long'd to be charging on the foe,
And man and horse in the dust to throw.

RACER.

My rider wore a cap of blue,
His coat was all of crimson hue :
Light were the colours, and bright they shone ;
It was a brave caparison !

HUNTER.

A coat of scarlet my rider had ;
His countenance, like his heart, was glad ;
And his glowing cheek and flashing eye
Shone like the sun in the eastern sky.

WAR-HORSE.

A coat of scarlet too had mine,
That shone with gold and silver-twine,
A helm of steel, and a waving plume
That frown'd as black as the midnight gloom.

RACER.

In line we stood ; the signal rang ;
Then from the barrier forth we sprang ;
The turf before us like velvet spread,
Melted the ground beneath my tread !

HUNTER.

The hounds they bay'd, the horn it blew,
They scour'd the underwood thro' and thro' ;
And soon there rose a brisk halloo ;
The game was up, and away we flew !

WAR-HORSE.

We heard the warning trumpet-clang,
And soon a louder thunder rang ;
Thro' clouds of smoke we led the way
With steady march, to begin the fray.

RACER.

Oh ! twas a glorious sight to see
Our feats of strength and rivalry ;
While shouts behind, and shouts before,
But urged us on to speed the more.

HUNTER.

Oh ! twas a glorious sight to see
The burst of chase o'er vale and lea ;
Steeds bravely vieing with dogs and men :
It was no time for dallying then !

WAR-HORSE.

Oh ! twas a dreadful sight to see
The meeting of hostile cavalry ;
The torn-up earth with the fallen spread,
The dying mingled with the dead !

RACER.

Foremost I shot, and strain'd my eyes
To see the goal and win the prize ;
I saw it not, and I flew with the wind,
For I heard the tramping of feet behind.

HUNTER.

Thro' brake, thro' copse, thro' stream I tore,
Dykes and fences I bounded o'er,
Springing aloft like a bird of air,
Plunging headlong, I reck'd not where.

WAR-HORSE.

Mid hissing balls and clashing steel
I rush'd, my wounds I did not feel ;
Bravely to conquer, or nobly to die,
Where the combat was thickest, there flew I.

RACER.

I look'd, and I saw the goal at length,
And I gather'd all my might and strength,
And long ere another minute had flown,
The line was pass'd, and the prize my own.

HUNTER.

I quicken'd my pace, and the prey I view'd,
And closer and closer the dogs pursued ;
I foam'd at the mouth, and panted for breath,
Yet I came to hear his shriek of death.

WAR-HORSE.

One onset more ! They spurr'd our flanks,
We came like the storm, and the foeman's ranks
We scatter'd and broke, and aloud the cry
Peal'd thro' our host of victory !

SERENADE.

O my fair one, O my dearest,
Here are none our steps to view ;
Nothing but the wind thou hearest
Murmuring the night-air thro'.

Tis the hour when stars are brightest ;
(Moonbeams now the mountain kiss ;)
When the lover's heart is lightest ;
Oh ! for him no time like this !

With the morn come fresher breezes,
Mountains blaze with hotter fires ;
But the lover's warmth it freezes ;
Heart from heart dismay'd retires.

With the dusk of eve returning
Tender thoughts begin to move ;
Heart again for heart is yearning,
And the spirit wakes to love.

To this hour was I beholden
For the heart I strove to melt ;
Moon and stars did me embolden,
And I told thee all I felt :

To my prayer thou didst listen,
Heav'd with gentle sighs thy breast,
And thine eye did brighter glisten ;
I was loved, and I was blest !

O my fair one, O my dearest,
Here are none our steps to see ;
With thy lover nought thou fearest ;
Thou art all the world to me !

Man by day is doom'd to labour
On the dreary path of life ;
Each is warring with his neighbour ;
All is tumult, toil, and strife :

Watchful eyes are prying near us
Into that which we conceal ;
Jealous ears are quick to hear us,
If we speak of that we feel.

But when day its journey closes,
Strife and toil and tumult cease ;
And the weary frame reposes,
And the stormful heart, in peace :

Heaven its veil around us weaving
Aids us from the crowd to flee,
And our hope and fond believing
Then become reality :

Kinder influence smiling o'er us,
We our wishes quick obey,
While the moment is before us,
And the future far away.

Oh ! tis night the lover blesses ;
Doubt and fear are then forgot ;
Then the youth his maid caresses,
And the maid refuses not.

O my dear one, O my fairest,
Thou wilt come and trust in me,
With thy lover nought thou carest,
Tho' the world were lost to thee !

CONSOLATION.

SORROW-laden
Went a maiden,
Comfort knew she none ;
For her lover,
Thoughtless rover,
Far away had gone.

Melancholy
By the lowly
Winding stream of Dee,
Where a willow
Found a pillow
On the wave, stood she :

CONSOLATION.

Near the lady
Sat in shady
Bower a nightingale ;
Thro' the valley
Musically
Rang her pensive tale.

“ Gentle singer,
I could linger,”
(Thus the maiden spake,)
“ Ever near thee,
Tho' to hear thee
Makes my own heart ache.

Sad thou seemest,
Yet thou dreamest
Not of woes like mine ;
Happy should I
Deem me, could I
Change my lot for thine.

Thou hast plighted
Love requited
To a tender mate ;

He ne'er grieves thee,
Never leaves thee
(Like me) desolate.

From my sorrow
Thou might'st borrow
Plaints so wild and deep,
That for pity
Of thy ditty
Hill and dale would weep.

One dear to me
Came to woo me,
Swore to be my spouse ;
Softly spoken,
Falsely broken
Were his many vows :

Cruel-hearted
He departed,
Left me here to mourn ;
For a new love
Left his true love ;
Ne'er will he return."

CONSOLATION.

“ Gentle lady,”
Thus from shady
Bower the bird replied ;
Twas some airy
Winged fairy
That her words supplied :

“ Nought availing
Is thy wailing ;
Gods send weal and woe ;
They are kinder,
Man is blinder
Than his heart can know.

Hear my story,
And no more I
Think wilt thou repine ;
For thy sadness
Would be madness,
If my lot were thine.

One dear to me
Came to woo me,
A sweet singing bird ;

Warmer suer,
Fonder, truer,
Never yet was heard.

Soon he won me ;
When upon me
Stream'd his melting eye,
So beguiling,
Softly smiling,
Nought could I deny.

Feathers brown he
Wore, a downy
Mantle on his breast ;
Oft with meaning
Fond there leaning
I my cheek would rest ;

And he prest me,
And carest me
With his tender beak ;
Oh ! the blisses
Of his kisses
Tongue may never speak !

CONSOLATION.

At the dawning
Of the morning,
Bathed in dewy light,
Floating, sailing,
Sweets inhaling,
We pursued our flight :

All was leisure,
Sport and pleasure,
Fresh and green the ground ;
Heaven above us
Seem'd to love us,
Smiling all around.

Oft reposing
At the closing
Of a summer's day,
Softest feeling
O'er him stealing,
He began his lay :

Warbling, trilling,
Melting, thrilling,
Gush'd that silver tongue :

Every alley
Of the valley
Echoed with the song :

Trees would listen,
Forests glisten
With a smoother brow,
And the river
Cease to quiver,
And the winds to blow.

Oh, how lightly,
Oh, how brightly
Pass'd the hours away ;
Joy ne'er ceasing,
Still increasing,
Till one fatal day !

Loud and shrilly
Thro' the chilly
Air the north-wind blew ;
Ravens flutter'd
Round and mutter'd
Bodings strange and new ;

He, the warning
Rashly scorning,
Sallied forth to stray ;
Bold and fearless,
Thro' the cheerless
Woods he went his way,

Little caring
Whither faring,
When with dire intent
Came a foeman,
Cruel bowman,
And his bow he bent ;

Aiming crafty,
Sped a shaft he
At my tender mate ;
Than the greedy
Kite more speedy
Came the winged fate ;

Bosom-stricken—
Oh ! I sicken
Yet the tale to tell—

In the hoary
Stream all gory
My beloved one fell ;

Round the troubled
Waters bubbled,
Then with many a wave
Sweeping o'er him,
Ruthless bore him
To his ocean grave.

Thou that whinest
And repinest
For a fickle swain,
I that hear thee
Come to cheer thee,
And to soothe thy pain :

Thou thy lover
May'st recover ;
Mine is torn from me ;
Torn for ever !
I shall never
Such another see !

From my sorrow
Comfort borrow,
And no more bewail :
Woes past curing
Learn enduring
From the nightingale."

MEMORY.

No braided hair, no chain of gold,
No sparkling gem for me :
I need not, love, such tokens hold,
To make me think of thee.

Tho' far I roam, nor magic spells
Me to thy presence bear,
Still in my breast thine image dwells,
Thy spirit hovers near.

For others let the canvass glow
With colours fresh and warm :
Tis wonderful ! the marble brow !
The stately human form !

The rosy budding lip ! the cheek
Soft wreath'd into a smile !
While eyes, that almost seem to speak,
The charmed sense beguile.

Yet what are these ? Tho' art can trace
Each feature bright and rare,
Each line of loveliness and grace ;
The soul is wanting there !

Mary, when in that parting hour
Pale trembling at thy side
I stood, and in thine ear did pour
The overflowing tide

Of anxious thought ; thy countenance
Shone like the evening star,
Serene and beautiful, whose glance
The traveller from afar

Hailing, an omen sure and bright,
Fears not thro' wilds to roam,
Thro' dreariest solitudes of night
Speeds gaily to his home.

That look of thine ! It sooth'd my heart,
 Bade me forget my pain,
Told me, tho' doom'd awhile to part,
 That we should meet again.

That look ! Twere past the artist's skill
 Its memory to restore ;
Fond love alone recalls it still,
 To live for evermore.

COURAGE.

“THE Guard will die, but not surrender !”—Who
Hath read of Frenchmen and of Waterloo,
And doth not sigh to think, how many brave
Should madly rush to combat and the grave,
For one proud man, who little cared for them,
Save as the tools to fix a diadem
On his own head ? Dog-valiant ! Happier those
Who make no war but with their country’s foes,
Ne’er draw the sword but in a rightful cause,
For their own hearth and home, their faith, their laws.
Yet happier far is he, who ne’er put on
The soldier’s garb, no laurel ever won ;
But bears a heart of purpose firm and high,
To fight the great life-battle manfully,
Himself, his pride and passions to subdue,
The path of right unswerving to pursue,
Despising pleasure, wealth, and world-renown,
Earning his heavenly meed, a bright immortal crown.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I.

OFF when the Sun thro' purple summer-clouds
Sheds the noonday, but half his glory shrouds ;
We mortals bask beneath his smile, we drink
The vital air he fills, yet little think
Of him, and scarcely thank him for his light.
But when he sinks behind the mountain height,
We know that he will close his bright career,
And darkness overspread our hemisphere :
Then do we look our last, and bid adieu
To his departing beams, and worship him anew.

II.

Hero ! The dawning of thy greatness dazed
The sight of all beholders ; and we gazed
With wonder on thee, till thy glories shone
Reflected in our hearts, and seem'd our own :

And we forgot thy presence. But the time
Is near, when thou must quit this nether clime,
And darkness fall upon our English land :
Then deeply shall we feel and understand,
Whom we have lost, and mourning cry, that none
Remain to us like thee, unconquer'd Wellington !

MARS AND MINERVA.

WHEN Mars by Vulcan had been found
Committing trespass on his ground ;
(The ground I mean to Hymen holy ;
To speak more plain it would be folly :)

Much scandal in the coteries
There was of gods and goddesses ;
And Mars to understand was given,
He must retire awhile from heaven :

And many a god was heard to say,
“ Whose turn is next to come, I pray ? ”
Alarm'd was Hercules for Hebe,
And Phœbus for his sister Phœbe.

Said Juno privately to Jove,

"This is a sad affair, my love :"

"What's to be done ?" said Jove to Juno,

"I really cannot tell ; do you know ?"

"A thought just strikes me ; thank the stars !"

Said she : "let's find a wife for Mars :

If we can get him once to marry,

Most likely then at home he'll tarry."

"And who's to be the lady, then ?"

Replied the king of gods and men :

Said she, "What think you of Minerva ?

Though, true, he does not quite deserve her."

"My favourite child !" the monarch said ;

"Who vows to live and die a maid !"

"Such vows," replied the consort regal,

"Are neither binding, Sir, nor legal.

And pray consider, if you please,

This match brings great advantages ;

For Mars, with Pallas for adviser,

Will stéadier become and wiser :

The veriest rake with such a wife
Would soon reform his mode of life ;
Of this there cannot be a question.”
Great Jove was pleased at the suggestion.

In short it was arranged between
The dark-brow'd monarch and his queen,
That the young couple should be mated ;
To both was this communicated :

At first Minerva play'd the prude,
And would not hear of being woo'd,
But by degrees her heart relented,
And she, to please her sire, consented.

So matters stood, till one fine day
It chanced, the winged son of May
Met Jove ; they sat them down together ;
And, after talking of the weather,

Quoth Hermes : “ May I be so bold ?
You mean to marry, I am told,
Your daughter to the God of battle ?
Is't true, Sir, or mere tittle-tattle ?”

“Tis true.”—“I came with all dispatch
To speak to you about this match :
For to advise is my vocation.”
Jove nodded here in approbation :

“My trusty Hermes, what you think
Speak boldly out, and nothing blink ;
There’s not a person whose opinion
I value more in my dominion.”

“Then listen, Sir. You know that Mars
Is God of tumult, strife, and wars ;
And if you did not keep him quiet,
All things in heaven would turn to riot.

But under your controlling curb,
He dares not, Sir, your reign disturb ;
For witless Strength can prosper never,
But fails with all its rash endeavour.

Pallas by counsel guards your throne,
Submits to you, and you alone ;
Your self-born child ; so you proclaim her ;
We heavenly Gods do Wisdom name her.

Her nature is to peace inclined,
Though she can fight, when she's a mind ;
As erst the Titan band discover'd,
When o'er their rebel flanks she hover'd,

And her bright flaming *Ægis* out
She thrust, and put them to the rout.
By Pallas had you not been aided,
Your reign was gone, your glory faded.

And she it is, whom you design
In wedlock with young Mars to join :
But let him once form this alliance,
He'll set your power at defiance :

With Pallas ever at his side,
His lack of wit by her supplied,
And she still acting by compulsion,
He will produce some dire convulsion."

"But will it not her duty be,
Then, even as now, to stand by me ?
Think you the marriage state will change her ?"
"I think," said Hermes, "there's great danger :

She will be subject to her spouse
By virtue of the marriage vows :
And who can tell, she would not rather
Obey her husband, than her father ?

By sovereign Power should Wisdom stand,
And keep brute Strength at its command ;
But once let Strength be Wisdom's master,
And I see nothing but disaster."

He ceas'd. The father of the Gods
Again in approbation nods :
" Well, my good Hermes, have you spoken ;
The match from this day off is broken."

THE MURDERER.

METHOUGHT I was alone ;
That none the deed espied !
Yet oh ! if but one !
Where shall I hide ?

And if no mortal eye,
Yet God was there !
From Him I cannot fly,
For He is everywhere.

I leave my native home :
Th' avenger still is near ;
Across the sea I roam ;
But still his voice I hear :

That voice upon the wave,
Upon the echoing shore
I hear, tho' billows rave
And loud the tempests roar :

Above the whirlwind's howl
It strikes mine ear ;
In notes that pierce my soul
It cries " Thou murderer !"

To men I fly in vain,
My steps they shun ;
For me the curse of Cain
Hath fallen upon.

And I to every place
Bring deeper gloom ;
In every human face
I read my doom.

And not a friend comes nigh ;
It cannot be !
Man's enemy was I,
And he is foe to me.

An infant late I saw, that hung
Upon a mother's breast,
His arms upon her shoulder flung,
Caressing and carest ;

And then his little eyes he threw
In curious haste around,
And still in all that met his view
Some new delight he found ;

And full of young imagining
That look so bright and mild
On me he turn'd, but shuddering
Back from the sight recoil'd.

That little babe ! he could not speak ;
Yet did he seem to say,
With pallid lip and quivering cheek :
“ Thou man of blood, away ! ”

Yet I was once a child,
Innocent as he,
And earth and heaven smiled
Joyfully on me ;

And I was to a mother dear,
And by a father blest,
Watch'd by their eyes with tender fear,
And to their bosoms prest :

And when I slept, my face would beam
Soft as a moonlit sea,
And they would gaze, and fondly dream
Of what their child might be ;

Then hopes, like whispers from the sky,
With fairy promise came ;
Ah, little did they think that I
Should e'er be what I am !

Merrily peal'd the bell,
As we to church did go ;
I knew each note full well,
As it swung to and fro ;

I loved that village bell !
Its soft melodious chime
Seem'd to my heart to tell
Of some far happier clime.

But now, oh ! now, tis agony
To hear a village bell ;
The merriest note most sad to me
Sounds like a funeral knell.

Cold is that hand, once link'd in mine,
That led my steps with care ;
Hush'd is that voice I learn'd to join,
And lisp to God a prayer :

Those eyes are sunk and still,
That lov'd my sports to view,
And, as I bounded up the hill,
My roving steps pursue ;

And oft returning, when I told
My tale of peril braved,
Chid with a smile the truant bold
Scarce from such peril saved.

For I rejoiced in liberty
To roam the mountains o'er,
The wilderness around to see,
And hear the torrent roar :

By rugged tracks my path to find,
The precipice to scale,
To leave the soaring bird behind,
And fly before the gale.

Wild was my heart ! Yet innocence
Still faithful hovering near,
Hush'd lay the dark storm-elements ;
I knew not pain or fear.

Then solitude was bliss ! The rock
Stood frowning on the sea,
As 'twould the rising billows mock,
But never frown'd on me :

The forest groan'd, as with loud yell
Down swept the winter blast ;
And oak and pine and cedar fell ;
I quail'd not as it pass'd :

I lov'd the tempest ! 'twas my friend !
With dreadful thunder-din
It came, but not my heart to rend,
Or wake the storm within.

In human haunts I met the foe
That taught me fear and pain ;
The lip of scorn I learn'd to know,
The breath of cold disdain :

Then wrath, and self-consuming care,
And feverish hate began ;
In vain I strove the yoke to bear
Of proud imperious man.

There is no tyranny in things
Of mightiest strength and power ;
Swift on his foe the lion springs,
But soon his rage is o'er :

Down stoops the eagle from her height
To seize upon the prey,
But soon resumes her placid flight
In the clear realms of day.

Humanity, more fierce than they,
Can leave the deadly sting,
Of torture make a holiday,
And smile at suffering :

No refuge for the poor opprest
 Beneath the tyrant's ban ;
No pity springs within the breast
 Of stern, relentless man !

Nay ; more relentless thou,
 That dar'st thy race malign !
Thou did'st not mercy show !
 An arm of wrath was thine :

Thou could'st endure to see
 The human face divine
Death's image made by thee !
 No mercy shall be thine !

Fast and warm the life-stream flow'd,
 The blood which thou didst spill !
Red upon the earth it glow'd !
 Tis glowing, streaming still !

Oh ! could some yawning gulf, some mass
 Of mountains rise between
Me and myself ! some floods erase—
 Ah, no ! Whate'er hath been

Is, and shall be ! No flood so deep,
No yawning gulf so wide
To cover it ! No mountain-heap
That scene shall ever hide !

E'en now it fresh appears !
For time hath ceas'd to run ;
And days and months and years
To me are all as one ;

A never-ending past, whereon
I gaze, and cannot flee !
Already hath my doom begun !
This is eternity !

A single pause ; a thought
Had stay'd mine arm ; perchance
Some pitying angel brought
To my deliverance :

I paus'd not ; thought not ! Vengeful wrath
Nor man nor angel heeds,
But like the lightning on its path
Straight to destruction speeds !

Yes ! fierce my passions grew,
And monsters wild they bred ;
No friendship's kindly dew
On me its influence shed :

And they, whose tender love alone
Me from myself could save,
To manhood as I grew, were gone,
Snatch'd to an early grave ;

And I was lonely, friendless ! See
Yon pale and ragged boy :
With light step nimbly moveth he,
And in his heart is joy.

Or, if with pain his bosom swells,
The tear to soothe him flows ;
The cause he to his mother tells,
And comfort she bestows :

But I have none to comfort me,
Not one my griefs to share ;
My crime ! It may not whisper'd be
E'en to the silent air.

The tears, I bid them come ;
They will not flow for me :
He cannot weep, for whom
There is no sympathy.

And now the sun is sinking low :
Day hastening to its close
Bids labour cease ; the weary now
Shall have a brief repose.

Pain for a while, and fell disease,
And heart-sick agony,
All, all but mine, shall be at ease :
There is no rest for me !

The tiger hies him to his lair,
The turtle to her tree ;
And they can sleep ; but slumber ne'er
Again shall visit me.

Thro' blackest shades of night I seem
Pale ghastly forms to see :
It is an endless terror-dream !
There is no sleep for me !

With eyes of flame they look me through,
They scowl in mockery ;
I wake, and find my dreams are true !
There is no hope for me !

SCIENCE AND POESY.

THE sun of old thro' ether's plain
Pursued his chariot-way,
Unyoked his coursers in the main,
And quench'd his burning ray :

Now centre of a world, with force
He guides revolving spheres ;
Earth wheeling her appointed course
Completes the days and years.

Yet light and dark are still the same,
The morning dawns and fades,
The mountains blaze with noonday flame,
And cast their evening shades ;

And earth to us in calm repose
 Outspreads her bounteous store ;
The field with fruit and harvest glows,
 The streams their music pour.

Man hath not more than human grown ;
 Though Science wrings from time
The secrets of the vast unknown ;
 Though striving Heaven to climb,

Her Babel-temple she displays,
 And seems of power divine ;
The heart from earth she cannot raise
 To worship at her shrine.

But Poesy no sooner wakes
 Her golden-stringed lyre ;
The heart of man she captive takes,
 And sets his soul on fire ;

And up to Heaven she carries him,
 And realms of beauty shows,
And then his eye, before so dim,
 All bright and piercing grows.

Or if with her he soar not hence,
Still wondrous art he learns,
And by her magic influence
Earth into Heaven he turns.

F A M E.

" MINE shall all monuments surpass,"
The poet cries, as Flaccus did ;
" One have I built more firm than brass,
And higher than the pyramid."

Vain mortal ! Thou among the dead
In cold oblivion shalt lie ;
The epitaph thou shalt not read,
That speaks thy praise to passers by.

Perchance thy glories Fame may bear
From north to south, from east to west ;
But thou her voice shalt never hear ;
Its echoes ne'er shall break thy rest.

Perhaps thy name will be forgot ;
Or it may float upon the wind
Unto an ear that heeds it not,
And leave no kindred thought behind.

Forgotten is Pythagoras
With all his mystic treasur'd lore ;
And many a sage that mighty was
In olden time, is known no more :

Or if to us their names endure,
We strive in vain their forms to see ;
Like shadows thro' the dim obscure,
They vanish at our scrutiny.

Poets there were before the flood,
Before our tribe on earth had place ;
They wrote on parchment, stone, or wood ;
Yet what of them is now the trace ?

The elements, by time laid waste,
In undistinguish'd ruin lay ;
And works and records of the past
Were crumbled, crush'd, and swept away.

Some earth-encrusted behemoth
The wreck of ages yet survives ;
Writer and book have perish'd both ;
An ichthyosaurus both outlives.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

FULL many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do ;
Yet not a deed or thought shall perish,
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

When by the wind the tree is shaken, .
There 's not a bough or leaf can fall, .
But of its falling heed is taken
By One that sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain ;
Yet from its juices rank and rotten
Springs vegetating life again.

The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies,
And things, that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen works by spirit wrought ;
And not a work, but hath its issue
With blessing or with evil fraught.

And thou may'st seem to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past ;
Yet oh, be sure, thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

THE RIVER WYE.

The Wye rises very near the Severn, in the wilds of Plinlimmon ;
and after flowing through part of South Wales, Herefordshire,
and Monmouthshire, empties itself into the Severn a little
below Chepstow. The two rivers thus form all but an island.

GLOOMY paths and steep,
Who will dare to follow,
Where ye overleap
Glens and caverns hollow ?

Goblins there and elves
Mid the darkness hover :
Where they hide themselves
Man may not discover.

Hark ! from underground
Heard I not a moaning,
Melancholy sound,
Like a fairy groaning ?

Tis the streamlet's voice
From the mountain risen ;
Doth she not rejoice
To have left her prison ?

No : that gurgling tone
Speaks her mournful-hearted ;
For she comes alone,
From her sister parted ;

From Sabrina, whom
She in deep recesses
Of the mountain-womb
Clasp'd with fond caresses.

Now that fond embrace
Doth no more delight her ;
And the morning rays
And the winds affright her.

Cease thy vain alarm !
Thou shalt find Sabrina ;
In thy sister-arm
Thou shalt yet entwine her.

On thy course meanwhile
Lonely thou shalt ramble,
Many a weary mile,
Over brake and bramble ;

Wildernesses through,
Precipices under ;
Places ever new
Thou shalt see and wonder ;

And with dance and song
Thou shalt often cheer thee,
Merry bound along,
And the woods shall hear thee ;

Now in silence creep,
Timorous and humble,
Now adown the steep
Bold and headlong tumble.

In the silver sheen
Of thy stilly waters
Mirror'd shall be seen
Cambria's fairest daughters ;

On the broad expanse
Of thy hanging billow
 Starry beams shall dance,
Rainbows make their pillow.

In her sunny plains
England shall receive thee ;
 Here soft beauty reigns ;
Nothing more shall grieve thee :

Cities thou shalt view,
Spires and lofty towers,
 Castles peeping through
Ivy-cluster'd bowers ;

Meads where fruit and flower
All their riches mingle ;
 Verdure mantling o'er
Every dell and dingle :

Gently sloping hills,
Groves that bend to woo thee,
 Thousand mazy rills
Pouring life into thee :

Thou disporting here,
Home no more regretting,
E'en thy sister dear
For a while forgetting ;

In that fairy-ground,
Many a nook and alley
Winding round and round,
Wouldst for ever dally.

But by Tintern's vale
Other thoughts will move thee,
When with visage pale
Hangs the moon above thee :

See how dim it falls
On the ruin yonder !
In those moss-grown walls
Shapes unearthly wander :

From those cloisters bare
Through the shafted portal
Voices float in air,
Seeming more than mortal.

Who be they whose sighs
Echoing come so faintly ?

From the tomb they rise,
Shadowy beings saintly :

Though no light of eve
E'er reveal their faces,
Though their footsteps leave
On the sward no traces :

Here, be sure, they walk ;
Tis their ancient dwelling ;
To each other talk,
Of their sorrows telling ;

Of their hopes to come,
Sins to be forgiven,
Of the judgment-doom,
Of their faith in heaven.

Quick the moment flies :
Thou must sleep no longer !
Let thy waters rise
Swifter now and stronger :

Lo ! they rise, they urge
All their depths in motion ;
With a frothy surge
Heaving like the ocean ;

And a wild unrest
In thy bosom rages :
Sure, that swelling breast
Something new presages :

Yonder o'er the leas
Comes a nymph to meet thee,
Hither on the breeze
Music wafts to greet thee :

Tis the lost, thine own ;
She of whom thou dreamest !
Ah ! how comely grown,
Little yet thou deemest !

Passing bright and fair !
Hasten ; thou shalt find her
With her yellow hair
Streaming loose behind her,

And her robe of grace
All majestic flowing,
On her virgin face
Crystal beauty glowing ;

Naiad-like ! Tis she !
Up with joy thou leapest ;
With a cry of glee
Down the vale thou sweetest :

To her open breast
Warm with love thou springest,
And the closer prest
Closer aye thou clingest.

From Sabrina thee
Nothing more can sever :
To the boundless sea
Roll ye on for ever.

THE RAILWAY.

I HIED me to the railroad, and with wonder and delight
I look'd upon the bustling scene that broke upon my
sight ;
A motley crowd, the young, the old, the busy and the
gay,
And carriage close to carriage link'd in long and bright
array.

The brass-ribb'd engine stood in front, and fiery red it
shone,
And spat forth hissing steam, as if impatient to be gone :
The signal rang ; and like a ship just launch'd into the
main,
With unimpeded easy march majestic moved the train.

But soon its course grew more and more impetuous and
strong,
And soon its full collected force in thunder roll'd along ;
And swifter than the swiftest wind that flies from pole
to pole,
Thought after thought incessantly came rushing on my
soul.

Tis thus the man of stern resolve straight to his purpose
goes ;
The prospect all before him lies, no obstacle he knows ;
No dalliance can him surprise, no weariness delay ;
He never turns to pick the flowers that spring beside
his way.

In hollow cloven tracks we dived, and rocks were o'er
our head ;
On huge earth-piles we mounted, and the vale beneath
was spread ;
Ye mighty of our kindred, what are hill and vale to you ?
Ye raise the low, the rough ye plane, all Nature ye
subdue.

We skirted field and meadow, flocks and husbandmen we
saw ;

They lifted up their heads, and stood regarding us with
awe ;

But us from field and meadow far the rapid moment
bore,

And flocks were grazing, husbandmen were tilling as
before.

And Nature to our feeble sight her wondrous work
displays,

We heed it not, perhaps in brief bewilderment we gaze ;

We live among her harmonies, but study not their laws,

We reap creation's fairest fruit, but think not of the
cause.

Upon a gently sloping lawn a modest mansion stood,

And children frolick'd on the grass, and laugh'd in
merry mood ;

And when the bulky train they saw, and heard the loud
uproar,

They paus'd not in their merriment, but only laugh'd
the more.

And thus doth it befall the vain and pompous of the
earth ;

They think to move our wonder, when they only move
our mirth :

The barge with all its bravery comes splashing down the
tide,

But nought the little fishes care that under water glide.

A shriek, as if in agony some demon-spirit yell'd !

And straight before with gaping jaws a cavern I beheld ;

And all beyond that narrow mouth look'd hideous and
grim,

A vista long of darkness lit by glimmering torches dim.

Shriek, monster ! It may be thy fate against that cavern-
wall

To dash thyself, and shiver'd in a thousand pieces fall !

And fearful tis to plunge into that solitary gloom !

How dare the living to explore the silence of the tomb ?

Yet in it rush'd precipitate, the iron caravan ;

The hollow echoes right and left reverberating ran :

And on it went right steadily. Thus Courage ever fares,

When forward on the path she goes, which Prudence
well prepares.

And out we came triumphantly emerging to the plain,
And daylight brightly shone, and all was beautiful again ;
And often, when in deepest gloom of sorrow we abide,
There breaks upon our dreariness a sudden morningtide.

And steeple now and pinnacle and turret rose to view ;
Our pace we gently slacken'd, and the station gliding to
We halted ; as the turtle-dove stoops from her airy round,
And drops with pinion tremulous alighting on the ground.

And passengers alighted here, and passengers got in ;
To some their toils have ended, when to others they
begin ;

And new companions still we find, and still the old we
lose,

The dearest friends we cannot keep, the best we seldom
choose.

And hark ! the bell hath rung again ! Quick to your
places now !

And one with flushing countenance and sweat upon his
brow

Down running to the platform comes ; alas ! too late,
too late !

The train is off ; for time and tide for no man ever wait.

And over many a mile we sped, and over many a league,
And much I saw, and never did my spirit feel fatigue ;
And if at times my weary eye on vacancy would rest,
The busy thought was never still self-stirring in my breast.

I mused upon the multitude, whom chance together
brought ;
And neighbourhood, could one discern, with lessons
deep is fraught ;
Tis strange, that man from brother man small interval
should part,
And nought they see or understand of one another's heart.

The man of ease and comfort was reclining in his chair,
Like Selfishness, that holds her own, and gives to none a
share ;
The poor man heaven-canopied ; the hailshot and the rain,
The tempest-wind may buffet him, and he may not
complain.

The violet in her leafy bed beside the bramble grows ;
The gardenman roots out the weed, but cherishes the rose ;
Yet Heaven on flower and weed alike its dewy nurture
sends,
And light and shade of human life mysteriously blends.

A wedded pair with glances held their silent commune
sweet,
As in the solitude of heaven two stars each other greet ;
And passing things seem'd shadowlike to flit before their
eyes ;
Their world was all within themselves, a dream of paradise.

A maiden by her mother sat ; ten years she might have
seen ;
And she had laugh'd and prattled much ; but now with
alter'd mien
Said, looking in her mother's face, "when shall we be
at home ?"
Her mother look'd at her again ; I thought the tears
would come :

They started from her eyelids, and the cause I surely
knew ;
Upon her face the widow's cap its shade of sadness threw :
No husband waited her return ; his step she would not
hear ;
And home to her a desert was, that once had been so dear.

And she was tired, that little child ; the minutes crept
so dull ;

Of troubling thoughts and memories to her they were not
full :

The time may come, when she will look upon the dreary
past,

And ask with sad remembrance, why the years have flown
so fast.

And what is he, with lips comprest, and sullen fixed eye ?
Deep meanings in that furrow'd cheek and arching
forehead lie :

Methought, in one keen flashing look the past and future
met,

A struggle 'twas to seize on hope, and cast away regret ;

And then his eye grew cold again, a glassy aspect wore ;
Some nurseling of his anxious heart he darkly brooded
o'er :

Could I thy meaning penetrate ? Revolvest thou some
plan

With honour pregnant to thyself, and benefit to man ?

Or weavest thou some spider-web with subtle meshes fine,
A miserable prey to catch ? Whate'er thou dost design,
The web shall be unwound at length, the mystery be told,
And dark be light, and thou thyself, and others thee
 behold.

And I ? Alas ! But hence away all selfish griefs I throw,
Forgetting them in sympathy for others' weal and woe :
To love and friendship let me live ; no other hope is
 mine ;
A few kind hearts are beating yet ; and I will not repine.

Roll on, fire-winged courser, roll ! With all thy speed,
 I trow,
The hearts of them thou carriest are swifter yet than thou.
A fiercer flame enkindles them. Tumultuous and blind,
In hope, in fear, they hurry on ; thou laggest far behind.

Aye, gather all thine energies, roll rapid as thou wilt ;
Thou canst not yet move fast enough for Avarice and
 Guilt ;
For her that counts and gloats upon the pelf she cannot
 see,
For her that flies from all the world, herself can never flee.

And we, with all our journeyings, our headlong mad career,
We cannot lengthen human life. The end is still as near.
More swift than we, thro' light and darkness, over deep
and shoal,
The billowy time-river sweeps right onward to its goal.

Yet speed along, thou mighty one ! It hath been said of
thee,
That with the spirit of the age thou dost too well agree ;
Thou seemest with remorseless step self-confident to fly,
And man doth vaunt Salomoneus-like, and heavenly
power defy.

Tis false ! To spirit more sublime the age hath given birth,
Whose seraph-wing is waving now, illumining the earth !
And wondrous that machinery, that thunderpace of thine ;
Yet he that moulded thee doth own his origin divine.

Then forward ! Still upon thy course prosperity attend !
And thou shalt be to high and low, to rich and poor a
friend ;
And thou shalt scatter wide the seed of plenteousness and
peace ;
And man shall move him to and fro, and knowledge true
increase.

ODE

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES,

November 1841.

WHAT thunderpeal was hither sent ?
Again ! again ! From yonder battlement
Echoing it roll'd the hoary Thames along.
I know, I know that sound ;
Twas the cannon's brazen tongue ;
England an heir hath found ;
A princely son
Is born to England's throne.
Arise, arise, thou City of the Earth,
And with thy million tongues proclaim the glorious birth !

The busy tread I hear
Of thousands far and near ;
Throngs from street to street
Joy-bewilder'd meet ;

Young and old are there,
Children by their mother led ;
Th' infirm hath left his bed,
Poverty hath ceased to toil,
Pain forgets her pangs a while ;
All one thought inspires :
Quick and anxious hurrying by,
They ask each other eagerly,
If tis a dream that mocks their fond desires.
What shout the air hath rent ?
Hurrah, hurrah !
Tis the voice of England's merriment.
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Long live the Prince, long live our Queen Victoria !

It is no dream. The merry bells are ringing,
With many a chime,
As of olden time,
In the gray turret swinging ;
And lo, on high,
Streaming to the sky,
Gaily our country's banner is unfurl'd !
Arise, arise, rejoice, thou City of the World !

Night is past,
Morn at last
To crown our hopes is come ;
Beams the light of heavenly grace
On yonder kingly dome.
There they lie, a beauteous pair,
Royal child, and mother fair,
The hopes of all our race.
And one is watching near,
He to our people dear,
Who sees reflected from an infant face
Himself, the father to a line of kings.
O bliss ! O joy !
Joy such as rarely springs
In royal hearts ! Upon her boy
Victoria smiles ; or down her cheek
Perchance the pearly teardrop steals,
Telling what no words can speak,
All the wife, the mother feels.
Yes, she shall weep ; she, in whose breast
All England treasur'd lies,
And mightiest empire's destinies,
Shall melt with woman's love oppress,
And in her weakness thrice be blest.

She for her babe shall breathe the silent prayer,
And for a while forget a kingdom's care.

In many a British hall
There shall be mirth and festival ;
And none so poor, but in that festive glee
Shall have their share ; while sport and game,
Revel and song proclaim
A nation's jubilee.
Cities wide shall rear
Signals bright and clear,
Dazzling the moon, and turning night to day ;
Village swains from home
Many a mile shall come,
And linger till the morn hath call'd away.
In Cambrian vale the minstrel wild
Lewellyn's heir shall sing,
Lewellyn's heir and England's child
The mountain echoes ring.
Erin her voice shall raise,
And speak of happier days ;
While greater hand than mine
With prophet's fire

Shall seize the lyre,
And sweep the magic strings with energy divine.

Britons, rejoice ; but now let holier thought
Temper your mirth. Bend every knee
To Him, who for our Queen hath wrought
From pangs of death delivery.
Your voices all in one thanksgiving raise,
Pour in one choral tide the notes of praise.

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow
To prince and peasant, high and low,
Look, we beseech, with aspect mild
Upon the mother and the child.
The mother to her strength restore,
Upon the child thy mercies pour :
Grant that he grow
To manhood's prime and kingly majesty,
And learn his people and himself to know :
Make him to be
True to our faith, our laws, and liberty,
A light to us, a minister to Thee.
Oh, while I pray
On this auspicious day,

Do thou my soul inspire.

Now blessed be the morn

On which this child was born ;

Blest be his princely sire ;

Long life to her that England's sceptre sways ;

But be to Thee, O mighty Lord, the glory and the praise !

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

November 1841.

My spirit scorns repose ;
Big with a nation's joy my heart o'erflows,
And bids me speak my triumph to the air.
To our Queen a son is born :
On our realm new glories dawn !
Hear me, ye winds ; proclaim
To all of British name,
To join the choral song, the gladness share.

A king the sceptre of these isles shall sway !
Roll, father Thames, roll onward to the sea,
And tell the waves their destiny.
Subjects of our crown are they :

Bid them now to Britain's shore
Tides of gratulation pour ;
With dance and music let them come,
Sparkling, light, and frolicksome.
A king is born to rule these isles !
Let earth and ocean wear their newest smiles.

Speed o'er the wave, ye winged messengers,
And bid all nations hail,
Where'er the British sail
Hath borne from home her roving mariners,
Bold hearts and true,
An empire to subdue,
To succour frail distress,
To clear the wilderness,
Or ope to Wisdom's path world-regions new.

Awake from sleep,
Ye coursers of the deep !
Fly with the breeze
Past the shore of dark Biscay,
And the blue-waving Pyrenees ;
To Calpe's rock and fair Valetta's bay
Announce the joyful holiday.

On, hasten on
To vales of piny Lebanon ;
There shall ye say,
A son to her is born, whose thunderstroke
On Acre's walls sent wild dismay,
And Egypt's empire shook.
Twine, Syrian virgins, twine
Your myrtle wreaths. Beneath the mantling vine
Now shall ye sit at ease
In sunny meads of Palestine,
And chant to lovers' ear your evening melodies.

And thou, lost City, o'er whose fate
Angels have mourn'd, and yet a greater One,
Who died for all, but wept for thine alone ;
Thou art not desolate !
My soul is dim, my tongue is weak,
Yet comfort will I speak
To thee, belov'd Jerusalem !
A light shall dawn
Upon thy race forlorn :
Tis veil'd in darkness now ; but soon, I deem,
On Sion's mount a glory shall descend.
The Christian pilgrim there

From earth's extremest end
Shall come with hymn and prayer :
No snare of Paynim foe or vain alarm
Shall him disturb ; for her protecting arm
Britannia's Queen hath stretch'd across the main ;
Heaven shall her arm sustain.

A temple shall arise, than that of old
More glorious far ; man shall behold
Mercies yet untold ;
There heavenly truth unveil'd shall dwell :
Israel, freed from woe,
Shall his Redeemer know,
And worship in the place He lov'd so well.

Hence away,
No more delay ;
Tis Britain doth command :
Go to Afric's parched shore,
Where Sierra views upon the gleaming sand
Her dusky children, slaves no more :
Go where rolls the sea
Boundless, bright, and free,
Round Hope's green-smiling promontory :
Go where ocean stream

Wafts the light bark, as if a guiding hand
Unseen were there, and sailors dream
Of blessed isles and fairyland,
While spicy-breathing gales
From groves of cinnamon and myrrhy dales
Spread incense far and wide ;
Upon the laughing tide,
Their varied colours glittering thro' the spray,
Young dolphins bask, or fling and toss
Their lusty backs in play ;
And soars in air along,
To hear the wanderer's song,
And bless his flying sails, the albatross.

Bear the news afar
To rugged coast of Malabar,
To Comorin's peak, and Krishna's sparkling vale.
Go, tell the tale
In palmy groves, where India's patient son
Weaves the soft web, and, when his work is done,
Hies from the noontide beam
To rest him in the shade
By overarching banyan made :
On Jumna's stream,

Where from pursuit through jungle, dell, and glade,
The panting tigers flee ;
On Ganges' fertile flood, and snow-clad Himmaleh.

The lonely shepherd on Australian hills
Tends the fair flock, and sings the rural lay ;
His thoughts are far away
On Lomond's lake, or where a thousand rills
Pour down the side of mossy Cruachan.
Mild is the breeze, and cloudless heaven above ;
Birds with gay plumage fan
The tranquil air, and trill their notes of love :
Him nor the cloudless heaven, nor breezes mild,
Nor gaudy-plumed birds so well can please,
As the bare heath and mountains, where a child
He wander'd free and wild,
Full of young hopes and fantasies ;
And when the eagle scream'd,
To him more musical it seem'd
Than sweetest song of nightingale ;
And storms that o'er the mountain roll'd,
And mists, that, tipt with gold,
Rose breathing from the vale,
To him more glorious to behold

Than skies of brightest azure were.
He too of Britain's joy shall hear :
With quicker heat
His veins will beat,
When the glad tidings come ;
And the tear will start
From his deep deep heart,
To think of his native home :
For he knows full well,
His heart can tell,
There shall be song and mirth on Scottish ground ;
And the shrill pipe shall sound,
Nor rustic flute
Nor fife be mute,
While every heart and every foot shall bound ;
And many a girl
In a ring shall whirl,
And nothing her shall tire,
While her lover, all on fire,
Close at her side
Still shall abide
From eve to ruddy morningtide.
O merry Scottish cheer !
O bonny kinsmen dear !

By exile most belov'd, though lov'd in vain !
O silver whispering lakes !
O flowery woodland brakes !
There happy once was he ; there would he be again.

On Canton's wave the floating bulwarks lie,
That led our brothers on to victory.
Still is that beach with wreck and carnage strew'd ;
Walls, that with idle threat
Their own destruction woo'd,
In gloomy silence now their doom await.
The Briton from the gilded vessel's side
Surveys the dismal scene,
Calm as the lion, when his pride
By view of slaughter'd prey appeas'd hath been.
Mild is his soul, save when at glory's call
He comes resolv'd to conquer or to fall :
Remorseful pity then away he throws,
While all his country in his bosom glows :
Woe to the man, who then encounters him !
Fierce as the dragon's wrath, and black and grim
As night, he rushes to the wild affray ;
His falchion gleams aloft, nought can him check or stay,

And aye thro' groans and death he makes his bloody way.
Hark ! Like ocean's roar
Upon the troubled shore,
Loud and high
Peals the sailor's cry :
From ship to ship the word hath flown,
" A son is born to England's throne ;"
And the shout of the merry crew
Rings the night-air through.
From wave to shore, from shore to hill,
Where the weary soldiers lie
Beneath the tented canopy,
Where the busy drums are still,
That shout is borne. Starts the pale Mandarin
From sleep, as he had heard the battle-din ;
Not less alarm'd, than when the Tartar host
Came like a tempest on the southern plain,
And Pekin's throne was lost.
Thou monarch proud and vain,
A mightier host than they
In dreadful war-array
Thy cities and thy coasts beleaguer'd see ;
Thy frightened squadrons flee :

Not with the leopard strives the tender hind ;
Birds of venturous flight
The sovereign eagle's might,
When struggling in his claw, too late shall find.
Haste from the field,
And prompt submission yield ;
With suppliant voice, not arms, accost the foe ;
For just as brave is he, to anger slow,
Spareth the meek, but lays the haughty low.

Hush'd be all ruder sound ;
Ye winds, your murmur cease ;
A vision bright
Appears in sight,
The meek-eyed angel, Peace,
With love and mercy crown'd :
Upon th' Atlantic main she waves her dewy wings,
Her rainbow locks in air streaming, while thus she sings :

Joy to the earth ! a princely son
Hath blest the shores of Albion !
Peace and joy to all she sends,
Gracious arm to all extends :
Happy they, whom she befriends.

Mild is her empire, just her reign :
She forges not a ruthless chain,
In vassalage the brave to keep,
And make his noble spirit weep :
She doth not arm the spoiler's hand ;
She doth not send a flaming brand
To fright the peaceful, wound the just,
Or lay their cities in the dust ;
She never strikes, till strike she must ;
Then at the word, right faithfully
Her ministers of vengeance fly,
Swift as the lightning bolts, that clear
A dark oppressive atmosphere.

Countless on their watery way
Bound her vessels, light and gay ;
Light as clouds, that sail at e'en
Earth and silver moon between ;
Gay as the larks, that scorn
• To rest on summer's morn.
Behold they spring, they dance
O'er ocean's broad expanse,
To and fro careering,
Danger never fearing ;

Albion o'er the wave appearing
Still and calm, her sceptre shows ;
Free and safe the wanderer goes ;
They that rove to vex the seas,
Outrage foul and treacheries,
Vanish hence, nor dare (I ween)
To meet the wrath of the ocean Queen.
As when old Neptune rais'd his giant form
High o'er the billows, to rebuke the storm,
Charm'd into silence fell the winds, the deep
Lay as in sleep ;
His horn then Triton blew ;
In coral bower no longer hid,
Forth came the Nereid ;
Her shaken tresses threw
Around the pearly dew
In many a big drop glittering like a star ;
Glaucus clad in weeds
Yoked his foaming steeds,
And o'er the glassy plain drove in his emerald car.

Children of Britain, wheresoe'er ye dwell,
In lone Guiana's sounding woods,
Or by the torrent floods
That rushing, as from heaven they fell,

Niagara pours headlong
Hoarse with endless watersong ;
Or in the forests hoar,
That stretch their shaggy lengths along
From Erie's bank to Labrador ;
Or whether on the heaving breast
Of Lawrence' breezy gulf, ye rest
The graceful oar, and upward gaze
Upon the silver spires, that blaze
And cast a sun-white glare
On Abraham's height, his monument, who clomb
To find an early tomb
And deathless triumph there ;
Ye, who in tropic isles sustain
Fierce summer's heat, the sweeping hurricane,
Or direr plague, an air, whose breath
From putrid marish caught, or foggy plain,
Sheds pestilence and death ;
Ye, who in winter's stern domain
O'er fields of ice to snowy mountain caves
Pursue the grisly bear, or smit with pain
Leviathan mad plunging thro' the waves
Track by his blood ; ye, who in polar seas
Pierce nature's frozen bounds, to search her mysteries :

Children of Britain, wheresoe'er ye roam,
Think of your native land, your mother home :
For she shall be to you
A mother fond and true ;
No gale shall blow, that doth not bring
Across the main on balmy wing
Her bounties rich and new.
Her name alone, if right ye feel,
Is honour, strength, an arm of steel,
A bond of union firm, a spell
To kindle patriot zeal
And holy flame unquenchable.
Sons of one soil, tho' space may sever,
Yet kindred love unites for ever :
As fairy harps each other greet,
Mingling in undulation sweet
The silver tones, that whining stray
Till one into another play :
Spirit with spirit still shall meet,
And fond enduring memory join
All that in man is most divine.
Unblest is he, that cold and stern
For distant land ne'er heav'd the sigh,
Whose hopes and wishes ne'er return

To where a father's ashes lie.
Woe to the rebel hearts forlorn,
That broke affection's tie,
Honour and truth did hold in scorn,
And duteous fealty !
Heirs of misrule, thro' sin and darkness borne,
While phantoms they pursue,
Communion lost of wise and good,
Allegiance spurn'd, forsaken brotherhood,
In penitence they mourn, and dearly rue
That they forgot their birth, nor faithful were, like you.

Think of the island throne, that high uprear'd
Amid the storms, your guardian shrine,
One still shall hold by heritage divine,
For valour and for truth rever'd,
To every loyal heart endear'd,
A King of ancient Saxon line.
Him all obey,
And willing homage pay :
Where'er ye dwell, roam where ye will,
His care paternal guards you still.
Eastward and west his hardy islanders
Shall wander forth, to seek abode

In desert climes, o'er paths by man untrod ;
From whom, wide-scatter'd in revolving years,
A mighty race shall spring,
With fruitful seed the earth replenishing,
He, in the midst, with kindly purpose blending
Thoughts great and high, an ever active will,
Wisdom to plan, and what he plans fulfil,
The distant and the future comprehending
In view of general weal,
Thence shall himself reveal
In deeds of grace and love, and justice done
To all, forsaking and forgetting none.
Thus doth the lordly Sun
Of myriad living worlds the centre stand :
They thro' eternal space at his command,
Bright beaming orbs, their race of glory run ;
Not one of them but he doth shine upon ;
The fire-glance of his never-sleeping eye
Pierces all things alike, remote or nigh ;
While in his own transcendant majesty,
Fountain of light and life, abiding free,
Creation's law divine loud singeth he,
To waken joy, and love, and universal harmony.

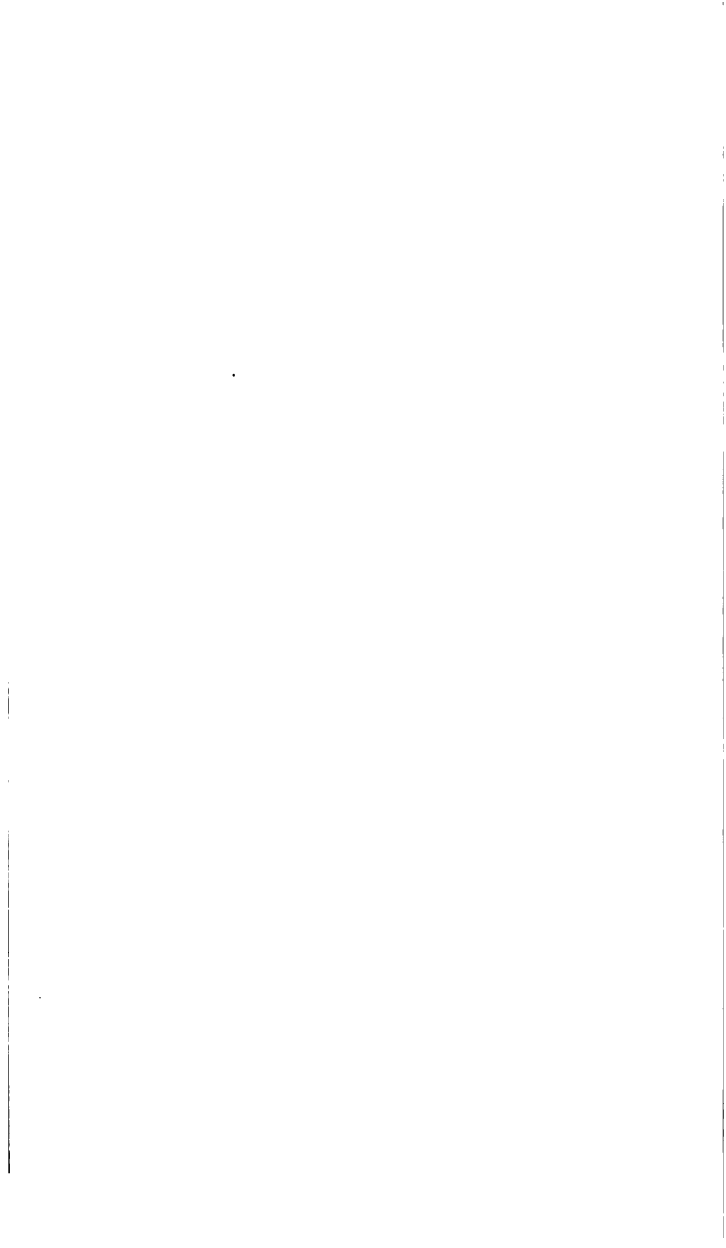
TRANSLATIONS.

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TRANSLATIONS.



SEMELE,

A Drama.

(TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.)

FIRST SCENE.

JUNO

(Alighting from her chariot ; a cloud floating round her).

PEACOCKS, bear hence my winged chariot ;

Await me on Cithæron's cloudy top.

(Chariot and cloud vanish.)

Ha !

I greet thee, house of my relentless hate ;

I greet thee with a curse ! Abhorred roof !

Detested ground ! This is the place where Jove,

False to the nuptial bed, his wanton tricks

Plays in the face of day. A woman here,

A mortal, creature moulded of the dust,

Dares from my arms to tice the Thunderer,

And hold him on her lips in thralldom vile.

Ah, Juno, Juno ! sad thy doom !
Forsaken, all alone,
Thou sitt'st on heaven's throne.
Thine altars steam with rich perfume ;
Knee worship still is left :
But what is honour, what to thee
Is heaven, of love bereft ?
For this rose Venus from the sea,
To bow thy pride, to wound thy peace !
She with magic smiles
Gods and men beguiles.
And now, thy sorrow to increase,
Must be born Hermione !
Nought is left but woe for thee !

Am I not of Gods the Queen ?
Sister of the Thunderer ?
Spouse of almighty Jove ?
Doth not heaven's axle groan at my command ?
Stirs not upon my head th' Olympian crown ?
I feel myself ! a Goddess Queen ! The blood
Of Saturn swells thro' my immortal veins.
Revenge, revenge !
Shall I be made the jest of Semele ?

Shall she among the Gods, in halls of heaven,
Cast strife and discord with impunity ?
Vain, idle woman !
Perish, and learn beside the Stygian stream,
That earthly dust is not divinity.
Thy heaven-aspiring thoughts shall be thy fall,
Thy Titan efforts crush thee !

For vengeance arm'd, I left Olympus' height ;
A soft ensnaring speech have I devised,
Fair flattering words, wherein destruction lurks.

Hark ! her step !

She comes ;

She comes to certain death.

Now, Godhead, veil thyself in mortal garb.

[She retires.]

SEMELE (*calling within*).

The sun hath now declined. Run, maidens, run,
Perfume the chamber with ambrosial sweets,
Strew roses and narcissus all around ;
Forget not too the gold-embroidered cushion.
And yet he comes not—and the sun is low.

SEMELE.

JUNO

(Rushing in, in the form of an old woman).

Praise be to all the Gods ! My daughter !

SEMELE.

Ha !

Am I awake ? or dream I ? Beroe !

JUNO.

Yes ; thy old nurse. Can ever Semele
Forget me ?

SEMELE.

Beroe ! By Jupiter !

Come, let me press thee to my heart. Thy daughter !
Thou livest still. And what hath brought thee here
From Epidaurus ? Fares it well with thee ?
Thou art my mother, as thou ever wert.

JUNO.

Thy mother ? Once thou call'dst me so.

SEMELE.

And still

Thou art, and shalt be, till in Lethe's stream
I drink my senses to forgetfulness.

JUNO.

Soon Beroe shall drink of Lethe's stream :
The child of Cadmus ne'er shall taste of it.

SEMELE.

How, my good nurse ? Thou didst not use of old
To talk in riddles or in mysteries.
The spirit of gray hairs is in thy tongue.
I shall not taste, thou saidst, of Lethe's stream.

JUNO.

I said so ; yes. But wherefore dost thou scoff
At my gray hairs ? 'Tis true, most certainly,
They have no God beguiled, like golden ones.

SEMELE.

Forgive my thoughtlessness. Why should I wish
To scoff at thy gray hairs ? Will mine always
Thus from my neck in golden tresses flow ?
But what was that, between thy teeth just now
Thou mutteredst ? A God ?

JUNO.

Said I, a God ?

Well, well ! The Gods are ever near us, child.
And we, poor mortals, ought to worship them.
The Gods are—even where thou art, Semele.
But why this question ?

SEMELE.

Spiteful creature ! Come,
Tell me, what brought thee here from Epidaurus ?

Not this, I'm sure, that the Gods love to be
Near Semele.

JUNO.

By Jupiter, that only.

See, what a fire hath mounted in thy cheek,
When I pronounced the name of Jupiter !
Twas that, my daughter ; that alone. A plague
Rages at Epidaurus. Poison taints
The atmosphere, and chokes at every breath.
The mother lights her infant's funeral pyre ;
His bride's the bridegroom. Blazing wooden piles
Turn midnight into day. Shrieks rend the air ;
And all around is woe ; unspeakable,
Unmitigated woe ! Jove on our people
Looks down in anger. Vainly streams to him
The blood of sacrifice ; in vain the priest
Upon the altar bends his weary knee.
Jove will not hear our prayer. Therefore am I
Sent by my sorrow-laden fatherland
To Cadmus' royal daughter, that on her
Haply I may prevail, to turn from us
The wrath of heaven. Much power hath Beroe,
The nurse, they thought, with Semele ; with Jove
Hath Semele as much. More know I not ;

Less can I understand, what tis they mean,
That Semele hath so much power with Jove.

SEMELE (*with vehemence*).

The plague shall cease to-morrow ! Tell the people.
Jove loves me ! Aye ; to-day the plague shall cease !

JUNO (*with astonishment*).

Ha ! Is it true, what thousand-tongued fame
From Ida's mount to Hæmus babbles of ?
Jove loves thee ? Jove greets thee in all the pride,
In which the heavenly Gods with wonder view him,
When in Saturnia's embrace he sinks ?
Ye Gods, now let my gray hairs carry me
Down to the grave ; for I have lived enough.
Saturn's great son comes in his majesty
To her, to her, that first upon this breast
Hath drunk—to her—

SEMELE.

O Beroë ! He came

A beauteous youth : a lovelier did ne'er
Flow from Aurora's lap : more heavenly pure
Than Hesperus, when he hath bathed his limbs
In ether's flood, and balmy fragrance breathes.
His step was earnest, and majestic, like

Hyperion's, when quiver, shafts, and bow
Adown his shoulders rattle : As from ocean
Rises the silver wave, his robe of light
Upon the May-breeze floated loose behind him :
His voice melodious, as the silver tune
Of crystal streams, more ravishing to hear
Than Orpheus' lyre—

JUNO.

My daughter ! Inspiration
Raises thine heart to flights of Helicon.
What must it be to hear ! what heavenly joy
To see him ; when the mere remembrance thus
Bears thee to ecstasy ! But how is this ?
Nought hast thou said of the most glorious,
The mightiest attribute of Jupiter,
The majesty of the red thunderbolts,
Whose motion tears the clouds. Most like thou grudgest
To speak to me of them. A lovely form
Prometheus or Deucalion may have lent ;
But Jupiter alone the thunder hurls.
The thunder ; yes ; tis that, which at thy feet
He throws ; it is the thunder, which hath made
Thine the most glorious destiny on earth.

SEMELE.

What meanest thou ? We are not talking here
Of thunder.

JUNO (*smiling*).

Thou art pleased to jest with me.

SEMELE.

So heavenly as my Jupiter was never
Man from Deucalion sprung. But nought I know
Of thunder.

JUNO.

Fy ! ill natured as thou art !

SEMELE.

No, Beroe ; no, by Jupiter !

JUNO.

Thou swearest ?

SEMELE.

By Jupiter ! my Jupiter !

JUNO.

Thou swearest ?

Unhappy girl !

SEMELE.

What ails thee, Beroe ?

JUNO.

Speak once again the word, that makes thee wretched
Above all women on the earth's great round !
Lost one ! It was not Jupiter !

SEMELE.

Not Jupiter ?

Dreadful !

JUNO.

Some cunning knave from Attica
Put on the likeness of a God, and thee
Robb'd of thine honour and thine innocence.

(SEMELE sinks down on the ground.)

Yes ! fall ; lie there ; and never rise again !
Let everlasting darkness cover thee ;
Eternal stillness dwell around thine ear !
Cleave, like a block of granite, to the earth !
O shame ! O shame ! which throws the chaste-eyed day
Into the foul embrace of Hecate !
Ye Gods ! Must Beroe have lived with pain
Thro' sixteen years of separation ;
And must she see the child of Cadmus thus ?
With joy I came from Epidaurus here ;
With shame to Epidaurus I return ;
And carry back despair. Alas, my people !

The pestilence may till a second flood
Remorseless rage, with piled carcasses
O'ertopping Æta's mount ; and all the land
Of Greece may turn into a charnel-house ;
Ere Semele shall move the wrath of heaven.
Deceiv'd am I, and thou, and Greece, and every one.

SEMELE

(rises trembling, and holds out her arm to JUNO).

Oh, Beroe !

JUNO.

Yet comfort thee, my heart !

It may be Jupiter ; though much I fear me,
Tis not ; but yet it may be Jupiter.
We must discover quickly. He must straight
Reveal himself ; or thou wilt banish him
Thy presence ; thou wilt give him up to Thebes ;
And death shall be the forfeit of his crime.
Look up, my daughter : look at thy Beroe,
Whose face is bent with sympathy on thine.
Shall we not prove him, Semele ?

SEMELE.

Oh, no !

I should then find him not—

SEMELE.

JUNO.

And wouldst thou be
Less miserable, still wearing out thy soul
In doubt and fear? And if he were the God?

SEMELE

(hiding her face in JUNO's bosom).

Ah! he is not!

JUNO.

And shew'd himself to thee
In all the splendour, which th' Olympian Gods
Behold him in? How now, my Semele?
Wouldst thou be sorry then, that thou hadst made
The trial?

SEMELE *(starting up).*

Yes! He must reveal himself!

JUNO *(quickly).*

Before he sinks into thy arms again,
He must reveal himself. Listen, my child;
Hear what thine honest nurse advises thee.
What love suggests to me, shall be by love
Accomplish'd. Tell me, when will he return?

SEMELE.

Ere yet Hyperion sinks in Thetis' bed,
He promis'd to be here.

JUNO (*hastily, forgetting herself*).

He promis'd ? Ha !

So soon again ? to-day ? (*Recovering herself*).

Well, let him come :

And when in all the drunkenness of love
 He stretches out his arms to thine embrace,
 Thou steppest back—thus—mark me—thus—as if
 By lightning struck—amazement seizes him—
 Thou dost not leave him long in his surprise,
 But thus advancing, with an icy look
 Thou dost command him hence. Wild, passionate
 He storms at thee—The prudery of woman
 Is but a dam, that for a moment stops
 The torrent stream ; soon irresistible
 The floods come on—then feignest thou to weep—
 Giants he might withstand, look calmly down,
 When hundred-armed raging Typhæus
 Hurl'd Ossa and Olympus at his throne ;
 But woman's tears shall conquer Jupiter.
 Thou smilest—Is it so ? the pupil here
 Is wiser than her mistress ?
 Then wilt thou ask a boon, a very small
 And harmless boon, to prove to thee his love,
 And his divinity. He swears by Styx

To grant it. Let him once by Styx be bound ;
And there is no escape ! Then say to him :
“ Thou shalt not touch this body more, until
Thou com'st to me in all the majesty
Wherein Saturnia's embrace thou woo'st.”
Be not alarm'd, if he display to thee
The terrors of his presence, flaming fire,
And rolling thunder. These appearances
He may raise up, to scare thee from thy wish.
They are mere bugbears, Semele. The Gods
Are loth in all their glory to appear
Before a mortal. Only keep thou firm
To thy request ; and trust me, Semele,
Juno herself will look on thee with envy.

SEMELE.

The hateful creature, with her ox-like eyes !
Oft in the blissful moment of our love
Has he complain'd to me, how she torments him
With her black gall.

JUNO (*aside, angrily*).

Worm, for this scoff thou diest !

SEMELE.

How now, my Beroe ? What mutterest thou ?

JUNO.

Nothing, my Semele. I too am troubled
With the black gall. A sharp reproachful look
Must oft with lovers pass for the black gall.
And ox-eyes, girl, are not such very bad ones.

SEMELE.

Oh, Beroe ! They are the ugliest,
That e'er were stuck into a woman's head.
And then, besides, her cheeks are green and yellow,
Mark and reward of her rank jealousy.
Jove oft laments to me, how the curst shrew,
With her vile temper and her loathsome love,
Leaves him no rest at nights. Sure, it must be
Ixion's wheel in heaven.

JUNO (*bursting into a fury*).

No more of this !

SEMELE.

How, Beroe ? So bitter ? Have I said
More than is true or wise ?

JUNO.

Yes ; thou hast said
More than is true, more than is wise, young woman :
Think thyself fortunate, if thy blue eyes

Laugh not before their time in Charon's boat.
Saturnia hath her temples and her altars,
And wanders upon earth ; nothing so much
Moves her to wrath, as scornful insolence.

SEMELE.

Let her come here, and witness my renown :
Why should I fear her ? Jupiter protects
Each hair of mine ; and how can Juno hurt me ?
No more of her ! To-day must Jupiter
Before me stand in all his majesty,
Though it should cause Saturnia to find
Her way to Orcus.

JUNO (*aside*).

There is one, methinks,
Will find that way before Saturnia ;
Let her be stricken by one glance of Jove !

(*To SEMELE*).

Yes, she may burst with envy, child, when thou,
To fill all Greece with wonder, mountest up
In triumph to Olympus !

SEMELE (*smiling with pleasure*).

What ? shall I
Be heard of, think'st thou, in my native land ?

JUNO.

Shalt thou ? Shall any other name be heard of
From Tyre to Athens ? Semele !
Gods from heaven will bow to thee,
Gods before thee bend the knee :
Mortals in humble silence will be seen
Prostrate before the Giant-slayer's Queen.
In trembling distance—

SEMELE

(in exultation, falling upon her neck).

Beroe !

JUNO.

To worlds grown old thy name
White marble shall proclaim ;
Here men worshipp'd Semele !
Fairest of the fair was she :
Down to earth for love of her,
Came th' Olympian Thunderer.
At her feet he lay subdued,
In the dust her kisses woo'd !
Fame on her thousand rustling wings the song
Shall bear resounding seas and hills along.

SEMELE *(in ecstasy).*

Pythia ! Apollo ! Let him only come !

SEMELE.

JUNO.

The prayers of men to thee shall rise
With steaming altar-sacrifice.

SEMELE.

And I will hear them ! Yes !
I will soothe the wrath of Jove ;
I his soul to tears will move ;
I will give them happiness !

JUNO (*aside*).

Poor thing ! thou never wilt—
Soon melted—Yet——To call me ugly !—No !
To Orcus with compassion !

(*To SEMELE*).

Now flee, my love : let him not see thee here :
Keep him long waiting : let him pine for thee,
And burn with mad impatience.

SEMELE.

Beroe !

Sure, Heaven hath chosen thee to be its voice !
Oh happy, happy Semele !
Olympian Gods will bend the knee ;
Mortals in humble silence will be seen
Prostrate before the Giant-slayer's Queen !
But I must hence—Heaven grant—I fly, I fly.

[*She runs off.*]

JUNO

(looking after her with exultation).

Vain, idle, credulous woman ! His love-glance
Shall be to thee consuming fire ; 'his kiss
Destruction ; his embrace a lightning-storm !
Flesh is not able to endure the presence
Of him who hurls the thunder ! Ha !

(in an ecstasy of rage).

Soon as her waxen mortal body melts
Beneath her paramour's fire-dropping arms,
Like flakes of snow beneath the mid-day sun ;
The false one, stead of his soft yielding bride,
Clasps his own terror ! How triumphant then
I from Cythæron's top will feast mine eyes !
How will I shout, and say, the thunderbolt
Shakes in his hand ! Fy, Jupiter ! for shame !
Clasp not thy bride so roughly !

SECOND SCENE.

(*The Hall as before—a sudden light.*)

(JUPITER appears in the form of a young man. MERCURY in the distance.)

JUPITER.

Son of May !

MERCURY (*kneeling*).

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

Begone ! thy flight
Speed to Scamander's shore ! A shepherd there
Weeps by the grave of his lost shepherdess.
None shall be mourning, while Saturnius loves !
Call back the dead to life.

MERCURY (*rising*).

Almighty one ;
A glance from thee, and flies thy messenger
Hence in a moment, in a moment back.

JUPITER.

Stay ! As I flew o'er Argolis, my altars
Sent up to heaven the steam of sacrifice :

It pleas'd me, that the people honour'd me :
Go, tell my sister Ceres ; thus saith Jove :
Ten thousand-fold the earth for fifteen years
Shall yield its increase to the Argives.

MERCURY.

Father,

With trembling speed I execute thy wrath ;
With joyful speed thy grace. For to the Gods
Tis ever a delight to bless mankind,
And to afflict them, pain. Command me now :
Where shall I bring their thanks before thine ears ?
Below i' th' dust, or to thy seat divine
In heaven ?

JUPITER.

To my seat divine below ;
Here, in the palace of my Semele.
Away !

[*Exit MERCURY.*

She comes not forth, as she was used,
To meet me ; to receive Olympus' king
Upon her soft voluptuous-swelling breast.
Why doth not Semele come forth to meet me ?
A gloomy, dismal, deathlike silence reigns
Around the lonely palace, that was wont

To ring with voice of mirth and revelry.
Not a breath stirs—upon Cythæron's top
Juno exulting stood—and Semele
No longer hastes to meet her Jupiter. (*A pause.*)
Ha ! the malicious one ! Can she have ventured
Into the sanctuary of my love ?
Juno ! Cythæron ! her triumphant look !
My heart misgives—No ! courage, Semele !
Courage ! I am thy Jove ! Heaven blown away
Shall learn it ! Semele, I am thy Jove !
Where is the wind, that shall presume to blow
Roughly on her, whom Jove hath call'd his own ?
I scorn the jealous—Semele, where art thou ?
Long have I pined my weary-toiling head
To bury in thy bosom ; to rest my soul
From the wild tempest of world-government ;
To dream away my cares of sovereignty,
And lose myself in ecstasy of joy !
O pleasing mad delight ! O even to Gods
Intoxicating bliss ! What is the blood
Of Saturn, nectar and ambrosia,
Olympus' throne, heaven's golden sceptre ? What is
Godhead, omnipotence, immortality,
Eternity, without the joys of love ?

The shepherd, who beside a murmuring stream
 Upon his dear one's breast forgets his sheep,
 Would envy not great Jove his thunderbolts.
 But she is near—she comes! O woman, pearl
 Of my creation; how adorable
 The cunning artist, who created thee!
 Twas I created thee! Then worship me!
 Jove worships Jove, for having made thee. Oh!
 Who in the universe of being this work
 Condemns? How poor and insignificant
 Vanish my worlds, my starry-flowing beams,
 My dancing systems, my sphere-harmonies,
 As the wise call them—how all fade away
 Before a soul!

(SEMELE comes near, without looking up at him.)

JUPITER.

My pride! My throne, a dust-speck! Semele!

(He rushes to meet her—she starts back).

Thou fleest—in silence—Semele! Thou fleest?

SEMELE *(pushing him back with her hand).*

Away!

JUPITER *(after a pause of astonishment).*

Dreams Jupiter? Will nature fall

To pieces? Thus speaks Semele?—No answer?

SEMELE.

Mine arm to thee with passionate desire
Extends itself. So never beat my heart
Before Agenor's daughter ; never so
Throbb'd it on Leda's breast ; ne'er burn'd my lips
For kisses of imprison'd Danae,
As now—

SEMELE.

Hold, traitor !

JUPITER.

Semele !

SEMELE.

Away !

JUPITER.

I am thy Jupiter !

SEMELE.

Thou Jupiter !

Tremble, Salmoneus ! Dreadful soon in wrath
He will require of thee the stolen guise
Thou hast put on. Thou art not Jupiter !

JUPITER.

The universe in circle whirls around me,
And calls me so.

SEMELE.

Impostor ; thou art not !

JUPITER.

How, my adorable ? From whence this tone ?
Who is the worm, that steals thy heart from me ?

SEMELE.

My heart to him is given, whose ape thou art.
Women are oft beguiled by crafty men
In Gods' disguise. Thou art not Jupiter.

JUPITER.

Thou doubtest ? And can Semele still doubt
My Godhead ?

SEMELE (*mournfully*).

Wert thou Jupiter ! No son
Of nothingness shall ever touch this mouth !
To Jupiter my heart I consecrate.
Oh, wert thou Jupiter !

JUPITER.

Thou weepest ! What ?
Shall Semele shed tears, while Jove is by ?

(*Falling at her feet.*)

Speak ; say the word—and nature like a slave
Shall trembling lie before the child of Cadmus.

Command—and streams shall make a sudden halt :
And Helicon, and Caucasus, and Cynthus,
And Athos, Mycale, Rhodope, and Pindus,
Unfetter'd by my glance, shall kiss the vale,
And dance like snowflakes in the darken'd air.
Command—and north and east-winds sweeping down
Assault great Neptune's trident, shake his throne.
The sea shall rise, and scornful overleap
Its banks and shores ; lightnings across the night
Shall gleam ; and heaven shall crash from pole to pole ;
Thunders shall roar from thousand gaping jaws ;
Ocean its billows toss rebellious
Against Olympus' height ; the hurricane
Shall sing to thee a song of victory !
Command—

SEMELE.

I am a woman, a mortal woman.
How can the potter lie before his ware ?
The artist kneel before his statue ?

JUPITER.

Pygmalion bends before his master-piece ;
And Jupiter adores his Semele.

SEMELE.

Rise, rise ! Ah, woe is me, a wretched girl !
Jove hath my heart ; Gods only can I love ;
And Gods deride, and Jupiter contemns me.

JUPITER.

Jupiter ? he who at thy feet is lying ?

SEMELE.

He is enthroned above the thunderbolts.
In Juno's arms, he laughs to scorn a worm.

JUPITER.

Ha ! Semele and Juno ! Who a worm ?

SEMELE.

Oh, wert thou Jupiter ! Unspeakably
Were Cadmus' daughter blest ! But woe is me !
Thou art not Jove !

JUPITER (*rising*).

I am !

(*He stretches out his hand ; a rainbow stands in the hall.
Music during the apparition.*)

Now know'st thou me ?

SEMELE.

Strong is the arm of man, when Gods support him.
Saturnius loves thee. Only Gods can I love.

JUPITER.

Still, still in doubt ? And thinkest thou, my power
 Is borrow'd of the Gods, and not divine ?
 Gods often, Semele, to mortals lend
 Their powers beneficent, but not their terrors.
 Death and destruction is the seal of Godhead.
 Behold ! Destroying Jove reveals himself !

(He stretches out his hand. Thunder, lightning, smoke, and earthquake. Music as before.)

SEMELE.

Withdraw thy hand ! Spare, spare the wretched people :
 Saturnius hath begot thee.

JUPITER.

Foolish girl !

Shall Jove, thy stubborn doubts to overcome,
 Turn round the planets, bid the sun stand still ?
 It shall be done ! Oft hath a demigod
 Rent open the fire-pregnant womb o' th' rocks :
 To move the firm-set earth, exceeds his power :
 That only Jove can do.

(He stretches out his hand—sudden darkness follows. Music as before.)

SEMELE *(falling at his feet).*

Almighty one !

Could'st thou but love !

(Daylight appears again.)

JUPITER.

Doth Cadmus' daughter ask
Saturnius, if Saturnius can love ?
A word, and he will cast his Godhead off,
Be flesh and blood, and die, and be beloved.

SEMELE.

Would Jove do that ?

JUPITER.

Speak, Semele ; what more !
Apollo's self confest, 'twas ecstasy
To be a man among mankind. A look
From thee—and I am one.

SEMELE.

O Jupiter !

The Epidaurian women laugh at me,
And call thy Semele a foolish girl,
Who, though the Thunderer loves her, can obtain
No favour from him.

JUPITER.

Th' Epidaurian women
Shall blush for their reproach. Ask ; only ask ;
And by the Styx, before whose boundless might
Bend even Gods in servitude, I swear !

If Jupiter delay to grant thy wish,
The God shall in a moment strike me down
Into annihilation !

SEMELE.

By that word
I know my Jupiter ! Thou swear'st to me ;
And Styx hath heard thee swear ! Then this I ask—
Let me embrace thee in no other form
Than that in which—

JUPITER (*with a cry of terror*).

Stay—stay !

SEMELE.

Saturnia—

JUPITER (*trying to stop her mouth*).

Hold—hold !

SEMELE.

Embraces thee.

JUPITER

(*turning pale, and stepping back from her*).

Too late ! The word
Hath pass'd her lips ! The Styx ! O Semele,
Thy promis'd boon is death !

SEMELE.

Is this thy love ?

JUPITER.

I would give heaven, that I had loved thee less !

(Looking at her with horror.)

Thou art undone—for ever !

SEMELE.

Jupiter !

JUPITER

(looking away, and wrathfully).

Now do I understand thy triumph, Juno !

Curse on thy jealousy ! This rose must die !

Too precious—ah ! too fair for Acheron !

SEMELE.

Thou grudgest to display thy glory to me.

JUPITER.

Curse on my glory, which hath dazzled thee !

Curse on my greatness, which must be thy ruin !

Curse, curse upon myself, that I have built

My happiness on rotten dust of earth !

SEMELE.

These are mere bugbears, Jupiter. I care not

For all thy threats.

SEMELE.

JUPITER.

Infatuated child !

Go, go, and take thy last farewell for ever.
Of thy companions. Nothing now can save thee !
O Semele, I am thy Jupiter !
Yet that no more—

SEMELE.

Ungenerous ! The Styx !
Remember ; thou shalt not escape thy promise.
[*Exit SEMELE.*

JUPITER.

No, no ! She shall not triumph ! she shall tremble !
By the destructive power, that maketh heaven
And earth my footstool, I will bind the wretch
Upon the ruggedest of Thracia's rocks
In adamantine chains ! And this oath too—
(*MERCURY appears in the distance.*)
What means thy bold advance ?

MERCURY.

Fire-winged, tearful
Thanksgivings of the blest—

JUPITER.

Kill them again !

MERCURY (*in astonishment*).

Jupiter !

JUPITER.

No one shall be happy more !

She dies !

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

[SCHILLER.]

HAPPY are the Gods by love,
Men are like the Gods above ;
Love makes heaven more heavenly still,
Earth a heavenly domicile.

Behind the back of Pyrrha thrown,
Poets all declare,
Sprang human bodies out of stone ;
Men of rock they were :

Rock and stone their hearts compos'd,
Night their souls in darkness clos'd ;
Pierc'd them yet no heavenly fire,
Vital virtue to inspire.

No fairy Love-troop roses weaving
Bound their hearts with flowery chain ;
No Muse with tender bosom heaving
Wak'd the lyre or vocal strain.
No lovers made them garlands. Spring
Flew to Elysium sorrowing.

The morning unsaluted rose
From out the eastern main ;
Unhail'd the sun at evening-close
Sank to the sea again.

Roaming wild o'er forest-glade
In the mooncloud's ghastly shade,
An iron yoke they bore :
Yearning for the starry sphere,
Strove no silent gushing tear
A Godhead to adore.

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But see ! From out the blue wave springing,
Heaven's daughter soft and mild
Comes like a dawn,
By Naiads drawn,
The shores in rapture singing
To greet the new-born child.

Quick at the birth
Air, heaven, sea, and earth
A vernal impulse thrill'd,
And life and joy came forth,
Creation's doom fulfill'd.

Fair breaks the day, with smile to bless
The dreary wilderness ;
Flowers bursting at her feet
Shed light and fragrance sweet ;
The nightingale hath now essay'd
To tell her pensive tale,
And falling water made
Soft music in the dale.

Blest Pygmalion, blest art thou !
Soon will thy marble melt and glow !
Mighty victor, Love divine,
In fast embrace thy children twine !

* * *

Happy are the Gods by love,
Men are like the Gods above ;
Love makes heaven more heavenly still,
Earth a heavenly domicile.

* * *

Ruby nectar sparkling high,
Feasting ever merrily,
Gods in morning dream abide,
Light and swift the moments glide.

On lofty seat enthron'd
Bows th' Olympian Sire,
Stream his locks in ire,
Shakes Olympus round.

To earth he goes, his throne resign'd ;
Sighs, by charm of womankind,
Like shepherd in the grove :
Lo ! at his feet tame thunders rest,
Gently rock'd on Leda's breast
Sleeps giant-conqueror Jove.

Phœbus with a golden rein
White sun-steeds majestic
Guides across th' empyreal plain ;
His rattling shafts make mortals fall :
The rattling shafts, the white sun-steeds,
Mid love and song he little heeds,
But gladly then forgets them all.

To Saturnia bends the knee
Each celestial Deity.

Before her chariot-throne
A stately feather'd pair
Attend ; a queenly crown
Binds her ambrosial hair.

Beauteous Queen, thy majesty
Dareth not sweet love come nigh.
Thou from thy proud and lofty state,
The Queen of Heaven, must bend,
The heart-enchainer supplicate
Her zone of grace to lend.

Happy are the Gods by love,
Men are like the Gods above ;
Love makes heaven more heavenly still,
Earth a heavenly domicile. .

* * *

Love beams upon the realm of night ;
His magic Orcus' self beguiles :
The swarthy King looks soft delight,
When on him Ceres' daughter smiles :
Love beams upon the realm of night.

Heavenly was in hell the sound,
That with charm fell Cerberus bound,

Thracian, of thy lays :

Minos, tears upon his face
Softens his decrees of woe ;

Snakes in mild embrace
Kiss upon Megæra's brow ;

Sounds the lash no more ;
Chas'd by Orpheus' lyre away
Flies the vulture from his prey ;

Gently to the shore
Lethe and Cocytus flow :
To thee, O Thracian, listen'd they !
Of love, O Thracian, sangest thou !

Happy are the Gods by love,
Men are like the Gods above ;
Love makes heaven more heavenly still,
Earth a heavenly domicile.

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Eternal Nature through

I feel the flowers that blow,
The golden wing that waves divine.
Did not from the sun on high,

Did not from the moonlit sky
Venus on me twinkling shine ;
Did not from the starry sea
Sweet the Goddess smile on me ;
Nor star, nor moon, nor sunny sky
 Had power my soul to move :
 Tis love alone, tis love,
Reflected smiles from Nature's eye.

- Love babbles in the silver rill,
Love makes the fountain gently play,
Love inspires a tender thrill
Into Philomela's lay.
On Nature's harp it is the breath
Of Love alone that whispereth.

Wisdom with thy sunlike face,
Goddess proud, thou must give place,
 Thou must yield to Love ;
Tho' nor prince nor conqueror thee
Force to stoop the servile knee,
 Thou must stoop to Love.

Who thro' skies with bold ascent
Hero-like before thee went

To the Godhead's throne ?

Who asunder rent the tomb,
Shew'd to thee Elysium,

Made its mysteries known ?

Love draws us hence ; or how could we
Arrive at immortality ?

Could Spirits e'er without his aid

Their master seek ? Tis Love

Doth Spirits call above,

And to creation's Father lead.

Happy are the Gods by love,

• Men are like the Gods above ;

Love makes heaven more heavenly still,

Earth a heavenly domicile.

AMELIA.

[SCHILLER.]

FAIR as an angel from the realms of day,
The fairest flower of all our youth was he ;
Celestial-mild his glance, like Sun of May
Reflected by the bright-blue mirror-sea.

His kiss ! It was a paradise to feel !
As when two flames in mutual clasp entwine ;
As harptones one into another steal,
Till all in blissful harmony combine :

Spirit to spirit glowing melting flew,
And lip and cheek with burning throbs came nigh ;
Soul penetrated soul ; our frames all through
Swam heaven and earth dissolv'd in ecstasy.

But he is gone ! In vain, alas, in vain
Moans after him the long-drawn aching sigh :
Ah, he is gone ! To life no joys remain ;
All is but one deep thought of agony.

FORTUNE AND WISDOM.

[SCHILLER.]

IN anger with a favourite,
Fortune to Wisdom sped :
“ With wealth thy love I will requite ;
Be thou my friend ;” she said.

“ My choicest fairest gifts I gave,
So kind a thing to do ;
But them he wants for good to have,
And calls me stingy too.

Come, sister, let's be friends. The plough
Shall trouble thee no more :
All this into thy lap I'll throw ;
For both here's ample store.”

But Wisdom wiped her brow, and smiled :

“ See, yonder runs thy dear,

To hang himself. Go, save the child ;

Go. I don't want thee here.”

ARCHIMEDES AND THE SCHOLAR.

[SCHILLER.]

A STUDIOUS-MINDED youth to Archimedes came :

“Teach me that godlike Art, that Art of wondrous fame,
Which to our fatherland such blessed fruits hath given,
And from our city-wall the fell besieger driven.”

“Godlike thou call’st the Art? She is :” the Sage
observed :

“But that she was, my son, before the state she served.
Wouldst thou from her such fruit as mortals too can
bear?

The Goddess woo, do not the woman seek in her.”

LONGING.

[SCHILLER.]

AH ! from this low valley-ground,
By the chilly cloud opprest,
Could there be an outlet found,
I should then indeed be blest !
Beauteous hills I there descry
Ever green and ever young :
Had I wings, and could I fly,
I would be those hills among.

Harmonies I hear, that ring
Tones of heavenly sweet repose ;
Balmy fragrance on the wing
Comes of every wind that blows :
Golden fruits around me shine,
Winking thro' the foliage grey ;
Bloom around me flowers divine,
Never to be winter's prey.

Oh! how beautiful the sight,
Sunshine ever clear to see ;
And the air upon that height,
How refreshing must it be!
But the stream doth interpose,
And its waves so angry roll,
Swell so high and boisterous,
That with terror shrinks my soul.

Lo, a rocking boat I spy ;
But the ferryman there fails :
Enter quick and fearlessly!
Animated are the sails !
Thou must venture and believe,
From the Gods no pledge demand :
Only can a Wonder give
Entrance into Wonderland.

THE DANCE.

[SCHILLER.]

SEE how the pairs in undulating ring
Light and graceful swing,
And scarcely touch with winged feet the ground !
Shadows do I see
From corporal substance free,
Or tripping moonlit elves in airy round ?

As zephyr-rock'd aloft
Thin vapours curl ; as soft
Balanc'd the boat on silver water springs ;
On Time's melodious wave
The foot elastic rises ; breathing strings
Ethereal bodies into motion heave.

Now, as they strove in twain the links to tear,
A loving youthful pair
Plunge thro' the circling chain :
The path before them clear'd
Behind has disappear'd,
Oped as by magic hand, and closed again.

See ; they are lost,
And all the moving host,
(The beauteous fabric,) in disorder throw :
No ! the mazy knot unwound,
Back in triumph here they bound,
And grace and order from confusion grow.

Merrily ever merrily
The circle they renew ;
Steadily ever steadily
The varying game pursue.

Who shall the riddle solve ?
The figures now revolve,
Now from their centre swerve,
And rest in revolution still preserve :
Each pair to follow their own hearts are free,
And find no path but in velocity.

The secret hear. Tis Music's power divine
Doth the rude step to social dance confine,
Like Nemesis, with rhythm's golden rein
Curb the wild heart, and boisterous mirth restrain.

And sounds in vain to mortal ears
The Music of the spheres ?
Canst thou not feel the stream of song sublime,
Th' inspiring Time
Beat by all beings tuning to thy soul ;
Th' eternal dance
Of Suns, that whirl'd thro' infinite expanse
Their bold majestic course in glory roll ?
Tis Nature's law, thou honourest in play ;
Why not in action and in life obey ?

SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.

[FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.]

RAPHAEL.

STILL vies with brother spheres the Sun
Chiming the choral jubilee ;
The course he was ordain'd to run
With thunderstep fulfilleth he.

His glance gives to the Angels might,
Tho' none of them its depths can sound ;
The works past thought sublime and bright
Are as in the beginning found.

GABRIEL.

And quick, beyond conception quick,
The stately Earth revolving goes,
And bright of heaven with darkness thick
Of dreadful night alternate shows..

The sea with foaming billows strong
Dashes the rocks' deep basement o'er,
While rock and sea are torn along
In rapid sphere-whirl evermore.

MICHAEL.

With rival fury storm and storm
From land to ocean roaring are ;
About the universe they form
A chain of elemental war.

There doth a desolation gleam
Flashing the thunder's path before,
The while thy day's soft-moving stream
We, Lord, thy messengers adore.

ALL THREE.

Thy glance gives to the Angels might,
Tho' none of them its depths can sound ;
Thy works past thought sublime and bright
Are as in the beginning found.

BALLAD.

[GOETHE.]

COME in, thou good man, thou aged one ;
We're here in the parlour, and all alone ;
 Come in, and we'll fasten the door :
Our mother's a-praying, our father is gone
 Wolf-hunting the forest far o'er :
Oh, sing us a ballad, again and again,
 To teach it my brother and me ;
We've wish'd for a singer, and long in vain.
 The children they listen with glee.

In the dreary darkness of deep midnight
The Count leaves the mansion so princely and bright ;
 The treasure he buries in earth ;
Some burden he carries in uncouth plight,
 As out by the gate he goes forth :

What doth he conceal'd in his mantle keep ?
To take it so eager is he !
Tis a daughter, a young one ; the babe is asleep.
The children they listen with glee.

And soon breaks the morning. The world is so wide ;
In forest and valley the singer may bide,
With food in the village be cheer'd :
He roams and he begs ; and on the days glide ;
And dark and long waxes his beard :
Still grows in his arm the sweet babe, as though
'Neath happiest stars were she ;
Screen'd under his mantle from rain and snow.
The children they listen with glee.

And swiftly the days and the years have flown ;
The mantle all tatter'd and faded hath grown ;
No longer the child can it hold ;
The old man looks on her, his daughter, his own ;
His rapture it cannot be told :
So beauteous doth she and so noble appear,
A branch from a goodly tree ;
How rich doth she make her father dear !
The children they listen with glee.

A princely knight there came riding past ;
She reach'd out her hand, and for alms she ask'd ;
 But the knight no alms he gave :
He seiz'd on her hand, and he held it fast,
 Saying, this I for life will have :
Thou knowest the price ; the old man replied ;
 Thy princess the damsel must be ;
Upon the green plot thou wilt make her thy bride.
 The children they listen with glee.

The priest in holy church blesses the pair ;
The bride she forth with her husband must fare,
 Tho' loth her poor father to leave ;
The old man wanders now here and now there,
 Too manful of heart to grieve :
A daughter with children have I far away,
 And they are much thought of by me ;
I bless them by night, and I bless them by day.
 The children they listen with glee.

He blesses the children. A knocking they hear :
Our father is coming : they jump up in fear,
 But cannot the old man hide :
How dar'st thou to wheedle the children here ?
 Thou beggar, thou idiot ! he cried :

Seize him, iron guards ; hence, to the dungeon, I say !

The mother hears ; down runneth she,
And humbly and softly begins she to pray :
The children they listen with glee.

The iron guards let the old man stand there,
And mother and children entreat him so fair ;
The prince he looks on with disdain,
And curbs his proud heart, till enflamed by their prayer
He bursts out in anger again :
Thou vagabond fellow ! thou beggarly boor !
My good stars are darken'd by thee :
Thou bring'st me destruction ! I still can make sure—
The children don't listen with glee.

The old man stands with a look of awe ;
The iron guards back in amazement draw ;
The prince he to fury is driv'n :
Now curst be the hour that wedded me saw !
The blossoms their fruitage have giv'n :
Tis said, and tis truly said all the world o'er,
Nobility learn'd cannot be ;
A beggarly offspring the beggar-girl bore.
The children don't listen with glee.

If husband, if father doth you forsake,
And ties the most holy remorseless break,
 A father, a grandsire ye view ;
The beggar so hoary and naked shall make
 A path of high honour for you :
The castle is mine : thou hast seiz'd it by might ;
 Thy tribe into exile drove me ;
I have seals the most precious to prove my right.
 The children they listen with glee.

The rightful king he returneth now,
The true with their own again to endow ;
 Of the treasure I open the seal :
Thus saith the old man with a smiling brow :
 Mild laws I proclaim for your weal :
Then courage, my son ! for the end is good :
 Fair stars now united shall be :
The princess bore offspring of princely blood.
 The children they listen with glee.

FOR LIFE.

[GÖRTHE.]

AFTER the soft spring-rain,
For which so long we pray'd,
My wife, behold our plain
In beauty fresh array'd.
Till in the blue obscure
Our sight is lost, we gaze ;
Here wanders love secure,
Here bliss abiding stays.

Those doves, a milkwhite pair,
Thou seest alighting by
The sunny arbour, where
The cluster'd violets lie.
There we together first
A precious garland wove ;
There from our bosoms burst
The mighty flame of love.

When thou "I will" hadst said,
Dear words that bound thee mine,
With many a youth and maid
We left the altar-shrine :
Then other suns to us
And other moons arose ;
The world was won for us,
Till the last evening-close.

A hundred thousand seals
Confirm'd the holy band,
On hills, in bosky dells,
In mead and forest-land ;
On walls, in caverns dark,
On tops of mountains hoar ;
And Love the genial spark
To the lake-rushes bore.

Content our course we sped,
We thought that we were two ;
Fate otherwise had said ;
And lo! to three we grew ;

Four, five, and six : they all
Did sit around the pot ;
And now the plants so tall
Above our heads have shot.

In yonder lowly ground
A new-built house I spy ;
Streams poplar-edged wind round ;
It smiles so pleasantly !
Who made that seat above,
That little seat of joy !
Was it not with his love
Our Frederick, brave boy ?

Those jagged rocks among,
Where close-pent waters roar,
And down in eddies flung
The wheel dash foaming o'er ;
Maids of the mill they praise,
As being wondrous fair ;
Yet doth our child always
Contrive to prosper there.

Thick in the churchyard grown
The turf in heaps is spread ;
The pine-tree all alone
Waves there its dismal head :
Tis there our lost one lies,
To fate untimely giv'n,
And bids us lift our eyes
With hope from earth to heav'n.

Behold ; bright bayonets wave
Down yonder hill ! The band
Of warriors come, that gave
Peace to their fatherland.
A bay-crown'd youth I see :
How light the ground he spurns !
Tis like our son ! tis he !
Charles to his home returns.

The fairest guest of all
His chosen bride delights,
Whom the peace-festival
To her true love unites :

Quick to the dance repair
A festive throng with glee ;
With wreaths thou deckest there
The youngest child of three.

Tabour and flute the days
Of our own youth renew,
When thro' the giddy maze
A happy pair we flew.
Another year ! Blest thought !
It seems already gone :
To baptism we have brought
A grandchild and a son.

THE CARD-CASTLE.

[GELLERT.]

WITH cards a little playful boy
To build a castle tries,
And scarce can wait for eager joy
To see the building rise.

The castle stands ; and great his bliss :
But lo, by sudden shake
Totters the brittle edifice,
The joints asunder break.

The gamester, whom a luckless chance
Of his last stake hath spoil'd,
Wears not more rueful countenance
Than now that little child.

But nothing the young heart dismays :

Now straight resolveth he

A second castle to upraise,

That like the first shall be.

Soon conquers all the earnest mind :

The castle stands once more,

And he exults his work to find

Still neater than before.

“ Now better care this time I'll take ;

It shall not fall again ;

Table, I bid you not to shake,

But fast and firm remain :”

And firm it stands. But now the view

Hath dull and tiresome grown ;

He wants to build the tower anew,

And so he knocks it down.

* * *

That good is fleeting, do not grieve,

But look thine own heart thro' ;

Spirits are changeful ; then believe

That things must be so too.

Pleasures, that with us ever stay,
Are ever wearisome ;
Were they not sometimes ta'en away,
How could new pleasures come ?

THE OLD MAN.

[GELLERT.]

To sing I purpose of a grey old man,
Who in this world did years a hundred dwell :
My muse shall be as faithful as she can ;
Of what I saw, and what I know, I'll tell.

Poets, with lofty genius inspired,
Of statesmen, heroes, warriors, sing ye ;
Praise their high deeds, and praise till ye are tired :
Theme of my song the grey old man shall be.

Sing out, my muse, to all posterity,
Hear, all men living, wheresoe'er ye bide ;
This grey old man—mark well the tidings—he
Was born, and liv'd, and took a wife, and died.

THE SWORD.

[KÖRNER.]

Körner, the Tyrtæus of Germany, was slain in a skirmish with the French near Rosenberg, in 1813. During a halt, before the combat began, he wrote the lines of which the following is a translation.

SWORD at my left side, why
Shin'st thou so brilliantly !
Thou look'st so kind on me,
I joy thy smile to see.

Bears me a valiant knight ;
Therefore I look so bright :
A freeman is my lord ;
That pleases well thy sword.

Yes, good sword, I am free,
And from my heart love thee ;
As fond and true, I ween,
As we betroth'd had been.

To thee myself I give,
The iron life I live.
Would I was wedded now !
Thy bride when claspest thou ?

Our bridal morn shall come
Announced by festive drum ;
And when the cannons peal,
Thou my embrace shalt feel.

I long for that embrace !
What now my joy delays ?
My bridegroom, clasp thou me !
My garland waits for thee !

What means that iron clang ?
Loud in the sheath it rang,
A joyous battle-cry :
My sword, oh, tell me why ?

Clatter the sheath well may :
Wild pant I for the fray !
I would the fight be in !
Hence, knight, that iron din.

Love, in thy close room stay :
Why need'st thou forth to stray ?
Wait in thy chamber still :
Embrace thee soon I will.

To wait I cannot bear !
Oh, the love-garden dear,
Where blood-bright roses blow,
And death's full blossoms glow !

Then quit the sheath ! My sight
Thou feedest with delight !
Come forth, my weapon, come,
And find thy father-home.

O glorious free-air ! Oh,
The lively bridal row !
The steel so bridelike seems ;
Flash'd in the sun its beams !

Up, up, ye brave compeers !
Up, German cavaliers !
If thine heart be not warm,
Then take thy love in arm.

First on the left she took
A sidelong stolen look ;
But now in open light
God joins her on the right.

Press to your lips not loth
Her bridal iron mouth ;
Press warm ! and ill betide
Him who forsakes his bride !

Now let the lov'd one sing,
That sparks may flash and spring !
Dawns bridal morningtide :
Hurrah, thou iron bride !

GOOD NIGHT.

[KÖRNER.]

Good night !

Peace to all that taste of sorrow !

Day now hastens to its close,

Busy-toiling hands repose ;

Till again awakes the morrow,

Good night !

Go to rest !

Shut your eyelids ; darkness falleth ;

Hush'd are all the streets around,

Save the watchman's stilly sound ;

Night to all the weary calleth,

Go to rest !

Slumber sweet !

Of your paradise be dreaming :

Who for love no peace can find,

Let him see a vision kind,

Lov'd by his belov'd one seeming :

Slumber sweet !

Good night !

Sleep ye, till the morning breaketh :

Sleep ye, till another day

Calls to other cares away :

Fear ye nought ; your Father waketh :

Good night !

THE MOUNTAIN SONG.

[UHLAND.]

THE mountain shepherd-boy am I ;
The castles all below I spy ;
Here first the sun doth pour his rays,
And here with me he longest stays ;
I am the mountain boy.

The cradle of the stream is here ;
From stone I drink it fresh and clear ;
It bounds o'er rocks with wild career ;
Yet in my arms I clasp it here :
I am the mountain boy.

The mountain is my heritage :
All round about the tempests rage ;
From north and south come howling they ;
Yet still above them sounds my lay :
I am the mountain boy.

Thunder and lightning are beneath,
While I the heaven's blue freshness breathe,
I know them, and I bid them cease,
And leave my father's home in peace :
I am the mountain boy.

And when the loud alarums ring,
And fires upon the mountain spring,
Then down I go the ranks among,
And swing my sword, and sing my song :
I am the mountain boy.

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

[UHLAND.]

I AM a poor man, very poor,
And all alone I go ;
Yet would I that my heart once more
In happy stream might flow.

Once liv'd I in my parents' cot
A merry lad and gay ;
But bitter grief hath been my lot,
Since laid in earth were they.

I see the rich man's garden shine,
I see the golden seed ;
But the unfruitful path is mine,
Which care and sorrow tread.

I hide my grief, and mid the swarm
Of happy men I stray,
And wish with hearty voice and warm
To every one good day.

O bounteous God ! Whate'er is meet
Thou dost on me bestow :
From heaven a consolation sweet
For all mankind doth flow.

Thy house in every village round
Its holy turret rears,
And choral song and organ sound
Thy praise to mortal ears.

Sun, moon, and stars upon my soul
Shed love and harmony ;
And when the bells of evening toll,
I commune, Lord, with thee.

Hereafter to thy joyful hall
Each good man shall repair,
And I in robe of festival
Shall come, the feast to share.

THE WAKER IN THE DESERT.

[FREILIGRATH.]

By stream of Nile a lion stood,
King of the desert, all alone,
Bright-yellow as the sand he trod,
As the Simoom that round him shone :

A kingly mantle gorgeous
The mane that o'er his neck was spread ;
A kingly crown all-glorious
The hair that bristled on his head.

He lifts his mighty head, and roars !
So hollow-deep, so wild the sound,
Tis heard on Mœris' swampy shores,
It rolls thro' all the desert round.

Stiffens the tawny panther's hide,
And trembling flees the swift gazelle ;
And crocodile and camel bide
Fear-stricken at the monarch's yell.

Nile's river roll the echoes down,
And thro' the Pyramid they ring ;
Weary with sleep, and ghastly-brown,
Wakes in his grave the Mummy-king.

He rises in the narrow chest :
“ Thanks, lion, for that threatening roar !
Long ages have I been at rest ;
Yet rouses me thy voice once more.

Long have I dream'd ! Oh, where are ye,
Splendour-girt years, when round me flew
The sunbright flags of victory ?
Lion, thy ancestors me drew !

I sate aloft in golden car ;
With foile of gold the pole did shine,
The wheels with many a pearly star ;
The hundred-gated Thebes was mine.

This foot, so weak and wither'd now,
The curled Moor then trampled on,
Stepp'd o'er the yellow Indian's brow,
The neck of desert Libya's son.

This arm did hold the world in sway,
Tho' clasps it now the linen-band ;
All that yon hieroglyphics say,
Was by my breast conceiv'd and plann'd.

This monument did I create,
That towers so high my tomb above ;
On a spear-guarded throne I sate ;
The brickmen here my captain drove.

Broad Nile about my gilded prow,
My subject then, to greet me rose ;
The Nile, he doth for ever flow,
While I lie here in deep repose.

And dark is all around and black !"
Suddenly ceas'd the lion's yell :
The dead man's eye grew heavy ; back
He leant, and into slumber fell.

THE GOLDEN TIME.

[RÜCKERT.]

THE golden time is not, yet o'er,
For it is ever young and new ;
Of gold there is enough in store,
Were there enough desire in you.

The golden stars in heaven still take
Their place, and all night long they sing,
That man from them may learn to wake
The golden tune of golden string.

Foams up from earth's full breast the wine,
To you its golden bubbles wink ;
Which ye, to make more golden shine,
At feasts from golden beakers drink.

Still wreaths itself in golden twine
The lovely maiden's golden hair,
And sparkle thro' its shade her eyn
With flame of gold, a sunlike pair.

Then come, this griping care throw off,
Your hearts for new enjoyment prime ;
And fabricate from golden stuff,
Each for himself, a golden time.

THE STORMED CITY.

[FROM THE SEVEN CHIEFS OF ÆSCHYLUS.]

My heart for terror finds no rest :
Cares at my breast
Enkindle fear ;
Besieging hosts are near.
So doth the turtle for her nest
The serpent dread, a baneful guest
To her belov'd at home.
Now to the wall
They rush, the warriors all ;
(What will of me become ?)
While slingers pour
On every side a rocky shower
Gainst the defenders. Save, oh save,
Ye Joveborn Gods, the city and the race
Of Cadmus ! For what fairer place
This would ye leave ?

Will ye abandon to the foe
This fruitful land, and Dirce's spring,
Sweetest of all the streams that flow,
By Neptune earth-encompassing
Or Tethys' children sent
For human nourishment ?
Ye Guardian Gods, to those without
Panic send and rout,
And our thanksgiving and our praise deserve :
Hear our cry piteous,
Listen, and stay with us,
Stay and preserve !
Twere shame to let th' Achæan seize
A city of old Ogyges ;
To give it to the sword a prey,
Its honour in the dust to lay :
Sad shame it were,
For women to be captive borne,
Young and old, their garments torn,
Dragg'd like horses by the hair.
The people cry aloud,
A many-tongued crowd,
Their city all to desolation given :
(I tremble for the coming fray !)

Virgins from their parents driven
Before the nuptial day
A melancholy journey roam :
To die, to die, I say,
For them were happier doom.
Sad and fearful is the scene,
When a city storm'd hath been !
Victors here their captives bear ;
There the burner, there the slayer ;
Smoke-defiled the air :
Mars the battle-demon raging,
With his impious breath
Dealing plague and death,
God nor man his wrath assuaging ;
In the city wild alarm ;
Tower-engine wall assailing ;
Infant in its mother's arm
Smear'd with gore and wailing ;
Man by man is stricken down ;
To and fro the town
Soldiers hasting,
Sacking, wasting ;
Now the plunder-laden meet,
Pass the word from street to street ;

Now the empty-handed cry
One to another,
“ Come my brother,
Share my toil,
Share the spoil,
Reap the fruit of victory ! ”
It can be told by none
What dreadful things are done :
Earth’s fairest fruits down-trampled lie,
A piteous sight to look upon ;
Old servants weep ; in one fell day
The wealth of ages swept away !
The maiden-slave, all new to grief,
By the conqueror forth is led,
To grace his triumph, share his bed :
Never shall she find relief,
Till the last night shall bring
Its welcome tide, to drown her suffering.

HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

[FROM THE TRACHINIAN VIRGINS OF SOPHOCLES.]

To Venus countless victories belong :
But not of Gods my song ;
Nor how with subtle wiles
The son of Saturn, or the Stygian king,
Nor how earth-shaking Neptune she beguiles.
Of her, the maid, I sing,
Whom suitors two
Came down to woo,
Matchless of limb, then hied
Forth to the plain,
The prize to gain,
And all their strength in medley combat tried.
A River one, from Æniad valley came ;
Quadruped his form appear'd,
Like a bull his horns he rear'd ;
Achelous was his name :

From Thebes the other ; bow and spear
And brandish'd club his weapons were ;
Son of Jove was he :
Straight to the fight
They rush'd with might,
Fierce with love and rivalry ;
While Cyprus' heavenly queen
Sat arbitress between,
To give the meed of victory.
Then might be heard the crash of hand and bow,
Of bullhorn stroke, and dreadful forehead-blow ;
Close in death-grapple join'd they, groaning both ;
The damsel all alone, as loth
That piteous sight to see,
Sat on a distant hill ; (for so
The tale was told to me ;)
Waiting her future spouse ; ah woe,
That she of mortal strife the cause should be !
But soon, like heifer dam-bereft,
Her mother and her home she left.

THE LAMENT OF TROY.

BY A CAPTIVE.

[*From the Hecuba of Euripides.*]

O TROY, my country, name no more
Among the cities of the earth hast thou :
The Grecian spear hath laid thee low ;
A dark cloud hangeth o'er.
Shorn of thy turret-crown ! with stain
Of dismal smoke defiled ! Alas !
I ne'er shall tread upon thy ground again !
The fatal hour at midnight was,
When after meat there falls upon the eyes
Soft sleep. My husband, tired with dance
And festal song and sacrifice,
Lay on his couch ; his lance
Hung on the wall ; no more in view
On Ilium's plain the naval crew.

I was my hair with ribbon-braid
Arranging, in the deep transparency
Of golden mirror gazing, ere I laid
Myself in bed to sleep ; when sudden cry
Reach'd us ; a warshout ran the city thro' :
“ Sons of the Greeks, now, now, to burn
The towers of Troy, and home return.”
From the dear chamber straight I flew,
With single robe, clad like a Dorian maid,
But not in time to gain
The holy shrine, to implore the aid
Of Artemis. I saw my husband slain ;
They dragg'd me to the beach,
Back looking on the city, but in vain !
The ship was launch'd for home, and out of reach
Soon bore me from the land of Ilium :
I fainted with deep anguish overcome.
Curst I the sister of the Jove-born twins,
Helen ; and him, on Ida's mountain nurst,
Dire shepherd Paris ! For their sins
I pine in hopeless exile ! Curst
Be their fell marriage—not a marriage—no !
It was some demon-woe !
Ah ! never may she cross the main,
Or see her native land again !

INTEGER VITÆ SCELERISQUE PURUS
NON EGET MAURI JACULIS NEC ARCU.

[HORACE.]

THE pure of heart and free from sin,
Fuscus, nor bow nor javelin
Shall need, nor, like the Moor,
His quiver with envenom'd shafts to store :

Whether he seek unscath'd to pass
Inhospitable Caucasus,
Or over Syrtes' shoals,
Or where his storied stream Hydaspes rolls.

For late, as in the Sabine glade
Careless and far from home I stray'd,
Singing dear Lalagé,
Scared at my sight unarm'd, a wolf did flee :

Monster ; whose like nor Daunian woods
Rear in their trackless solitudes,
Nor fell Numidia's plains,
Where nurst on burning sand the lion reigns.

Oh, place me where no summer breeze
Cheers with its breath the lifeless trees,
No genial sunbeams clear
A vapoury and oppressive atmosphere ;

Place me where heaven with torrid skies
To man a dwelling-place denies ;
Still will I think of thee,
Of thy sweet voice and smile, my Lalagé.

ENTHUSIASM.

[LAMARTINE.]

I.

As when the bird of Jove
Had seiz'd the trembling Ganymede,
Clinging to earth, the infant strove
To shake him off in vain ;
Grasp'd in his claws, with speed
Uplifted from the plain,
With his prey the eagle flew,
And deaf to all his cries
Bore him to the skies,
And at the feet of the immortals threw.

II.

Enthusiasm, thou fallest thus
Upon my soul victorious :
The rustling of thy wings I hear,
I feel their dazzling light,
And shuddering I fly for fear,
Lest in the presence of thy might
My mortal heart expire ;
As when by thunderbolt illumed
Burns unextinguish'd fire,
Till altar-pile and temple are consumed.

III.

In vain the body strives ;
Soaring thought to madness drives ;
The God my bosom fills,
And swells, and bounds, and bears me hence ;
Thro' my veins the lightning thrills ;
And when his dreadful influence
I struggle to oppose,
My genius, eager to be free,
Breaks into floods of harmony,
And lays me waste with its volcanic throes.

IV.

Muse, thy victim see !
No more that brow inspired,
That look with madness fired,
Whose rays were like divinity.
By thy presence overpower'd,
By thy rage devour'd,
I sank ; and hardly now remains
Trace of my youthful life ; my brow,
All deadly pale, retains
Nought but the vestige of the thunderblow.

V.

Happy the poet mild and calm ;
His harp with tears is never bath'd ;
His bosom by no wild alarm
Or sudden fury scath'd :
From his pure and fertile store
Streams of milk and honey pour
In measure soft and musical :
Ne'er did he, like Icarus,
Mount on wing of Pindarus,
To climb heaven's height, and down from heaven to fall.

VI.

But we, to kindle souls, must glow,
And snatch the triple flame from heav'n ;
To us to paint, to feel is giv'n
The depths profound of joy and woe.
Ye founts of light that ever blaze !
Of universal nature we
Must concentrate the rays !
And are we happy ? Think it not :
Tis our unchanging lot
Of passion's fitful storm the prey to be.

VII.

No ; never did the peaceful breast
Conceive the godlike muse,
Whose spirit soaring unrepent
With song the world subdues. -
The children of the lyre, who strike
Its chord with hand sublime, are like
The stone o'er Memnon's tomb that sighs ;
To stir whose magic sound
No inward power is found ;
The morning beams awake its melodies.

VIII.

And shall I wake the fires once more,
That smother'd now in ashes sleep ?
The remnant of my soul outpour
In accents for the wind to sweep ?
Glory, no more thy phantoms raise !
Thou hast cut short my thread of days,
That nature for enjoyment wove :
Shall I for meed of thine
My last lifebreath resign ?
I cherish it, that I may live to love.

THE RETURN.

[LAMARTINE.]

THOU valley, where we lov'd so well,
Thou brook, wherein my tears fast fell,
Meadow, and hill, and wood profound,
And birds, that sang these banks around ;

Zephyr, whom her breath sweeter made ;
And paths, beneath whose leafy shade
Her arm so oft me fondly drew ;
Remembrance brings me back to you.

The happy time is gone ! My eye,
For you round looking tearfully,
This place, so charming once, again
Asks for the past, but asks in vain.

The earth has still as fair a mien,
The heaven is still as pure-serene ;
Ah! now at length, too late I see,
It was not you I lov'd ; twas she.

THE ALMOND-BOUGH.

[LAMARTINE.]

Blossom-smiling almond-bough,
Emblem art of beauty thou :
Like thee, the flower of life was made,
Ere summer-time to bloom and fade.

Let alone or gather it ;
Soon the flower its place must quit,
Escaping leaf by leaf away,
E'en as our pleasures day by day.

Taste these pleasures while ye may,
Leave them not the zephyr's prey ;
But quaff the cup, whose rich perfume
Quick scatters to the wind its bloom.

Beauty sparkles for an hour,
Often like a morning flower,
That, twined to grace the feaster's head,
Before the feast begins, is dead.

One day comes, another flees,
Spring returns and vanishes ;
The flowers that fall in falling say,
Haste to enjoy us, while ye may.

Since they all must perish then,
Since they ne'er return again,
Let love the roses kiss, till they
Under his warm lips fade away.

MEMORY.

[LAMARTINE.]

DAY follows day in vain ; they move
Silently on, and leave no trace ;
But thee, my last fond dream of love,
Nought from my soul can e'er efface.

I see the years still passing by
Accumulate behind me fast,
As sees the oak around him lie
His leaves down-shaken by the blast.

My brow by time is whiten'd o'er,
My blood is chill'd, and scarcely flows,
Like as the stream, that runs no more,
When icy breath of winter blows.

But still thine image young and bright,
And brighter now than ever, glows ;
And still is present to my sight,
For, like the soul, no age it knows.

Thou never hast been lost to me :
When thou from hence wert sudden gone,
I ceas'd on earth thy form to see,
But look'd to heaven, and there it shone ;

And still the same appear'd to view,
As on that ne'er forgotten day,
When to its heavenly mansion flew
Thy spirit with the morn away.

Thy beauty's pure and touching ray
Follow'd thee to the realm on high ;
Thine eyes, where life extinguish'd lay,
Beam now with immortality.

The shade, that partly veils thy sight,
Gives thee a milder, softer mien ;
As when the blush of morning light
Emerging thro' the mist is seen.

With break of day returns the sun,
At evening-close again he flies ;
But me thou ever shinest on,
Thy love in darkness never lies.

Thee I behold, and thee I hear,
In stormy cloud, in sunny glows ;
Thy voice to me the zephyrs bear,
The silver stream thine image shows.

If, while the earth is slumbering,
The night-wind murmurs in mine ear,
I think I hear thee whispering
The accents to my heart so dear.

And when with fires the starry host
Have spangled o'er the night's deep blue,
Methinks, in every orb, that most
With wonder fills me, thee I view.

And wafted by the gentle breeze
When flowery sweets my sense regale,
In their most balmy fragrances
It seems thy breath that I inhale.

It is thy hand that dries my cheek,
When solitary prest with care
The altar of my God I seek,
And find relief in secret prayer.

My pillow'd sleep thou visitest ;
Thy guardian wing around is spread ;
From thee the dreams, that soothe my rest,
With aspect angel-mild are shed.

If in my sleep thy hand benign
From mortal bonds could set me free,
Then, O my soul's best half divine,
Waked in thy bosom I should be.

Two rays uniting melt in one,
Two sighs in one harmonious join ;
And thus in sweet communion
Our souls for ever shall combine.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

[MANZONI.]

(*Il cinque Maggio.*)

This poem has been translated also by Goethe, in a metre not unlike the following. The beauty of the original depends so much on its simplicity, that I judged it hazardous to attempt any other than a literal and rhymeless version.

HE was ; and as all-motionless,
After the mortal sigh,
The carcase lay, inanimate,
Of the great spirit reft,
So struck in mute astonishment
Earth at the message stands :

Yea, mute, and thinking of the last
Hour of the fatal man ;
Nor knoweth she, when any like
Stamp of a mortal foot
Her bloody-stained dust will see
Imprint itself again.

Him lightning on his throne my muse
Beheld, and silent was ;
While he in quick vicissitude
Fell, rose, and prostrate lay,
Amid a thousand voices' sound
She mingled not her own.

From servile flattery virgin-pure
And outrage cowardly,
She rose by sudden vanishing
Moved of so bright a ray ;
And pours around his urn a song
That haply will not die.

From Alp-rock to the Pyramid,
From Mansanar to Rhine,
His thunderbolt its course secure
Behind the lightning kept,
From Scylla flew to Tanais,
From one to th' other sea.

True glory was it ? The unborn
Alone can this decide.
Let us to the Almighty bow,

To God, who chose in him
Of the creative power divine
A trace more vast to leave.

The stormful and the trembling joy
Of mighty enterprise ;
The anxious heart untameable,
That burn'd to gain a throne,
And gain'd it, won a prize, that erst
Madness it were to hope ;

All that he proved : the glory by
The danger more enhanced ;
Flight, victory ; the palace now,
And now the exile's pang ;
Twice in the dust laid low, and twice
Upon the altar rais'd.

He named himself ; two ages, one
Against the other arm'd,
To him submissive turn'd themselves,
As waiting fate's decree ;
He order'd silence, and between
Their arbiter he sat.

He vanish'd ; his inactive days
Closed in a narrow space ;
Of boundless envy still the mark,
And of compassion deep,
Of inextinguishable hate,
And of unconquer'd love.

As o'er a shipwreck'd mariner
The wave sore-pressing rolls,
The wave, on which th' unhappy one
Late tossing, stretcht his eye
Around far glancing to discern
Some distant shore in vain :

So upon this man's soul the heap
Of memories rolling came.
How often to posterity
His life-tale he began
To tell ; but on th' eternal page
His hand fell weary down !

How many times upon the calm
Close of an idle day,
The lightning rays declined, his arms

Folded upon his breast,
He stood ; and of the days that were
Remembrance o'er him rush'd.

He thought upon the moving tents,
The stricken rampart-walls,
The glittering of the maniples,
The waves of cavalry,
The fierce impetuous command,
And swift obedience.

Ah ! At the torturing thought perhaps
His spirit breathless sank ;
And he despair'd ; but then there came
A powerful hand from heaven,
And to a purer atmosphere
Him mercifully bore ;

And by her flowery paths of hope
To the eternal fields
Conducted him, to a reward
Surpassing his desires,
Where all the glories of the past
As night and silence are.

Beauteous, immortal, bountiful,
Faith ever triumphing,
Be written also this : rejoice,
That a more haughty pride
To the disgrace of Golgotha
Did never bend before.

Thou from his weary ashes keep
All bitter words away :
He who strikes down and raises up,
Afflicteth and consoles,
The Lord, upon his couch forlorn
Close at his side reposed.

